

THE SOPHY.

As it was Acted
At the Private House in *Black Friars*
by His Majesties Servants.



L O N D O N,

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• Hardinge D793



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THE PROLOGUE.

Hither ye come, dislike, and so undo
The Players, and disgrace the Poet too ;
But he protests against your Votes, and swears
He'll not be try'd by any, but his Peers ;
He claims his Privilege, and says 'tis fit
Nothing should be the Judge of Wit, but Wit.
Now you will all be Wits, and be I pray ;
And you that discommend it, mend the Play ;
'Tis the best satisfaction he knows then
His turn will come to laugh at you agen.
But Gentlemen if ye dislike the Play,
Pray make no words on't till the second Day,
Or third be past : For we would have you know it,
The loss will fall on us, not on the Poet :
For he writes not for Money, nor for Praise,
Nor to be call'd a Wit, nor to wear Bays :
Cares not for Frowns, or Smiles : so now you'll say,
Then (why the Devil) did he write a Play ?
He says, 'twas then with him, as now with you,
He did it when he had nothing else to do.

Actors.

Actors.

Scena Persia.

*A*bbas, King of Persia.

Mirza, the Prince, his Son.

Erythaea, the Princess, his Wife.

Haly, the King's Favourite. } Enemies to the

Mirvan, *Haly*'s Confident. } Prince.

Abdall, } Two Lords, Friends to the Prince.
Morat,

Caliph,

Solyman, a foolish Courtier.

Soffy, the Prince his Son, now King of Persia.

Fatyma, his Daughter.

2 Turkish Bashaws.

3 Captains.

2 Women.

Physician.

Tormentors.

THE

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A&tus Primus

Enter Abdall and Morat.

Mor. MY Lord, you have good intelligence,
What News from the Army,
Any certainty of their Design or Strength?

Abd. We know not their Design: But for their
Strength,
The disproportion is so great, we cannot but
Expect a fatal Consequence.

Mor. How great, my Lord?

Abd. The Turks are Fourscore Thousand Foot,
And Fifty Thousand Horse. And we in the whole
Exceed not Forty Thousand.

Mor. Methinks the Prince should know
That Judgment's more essential to a General,
Than Courage, if he prove Victorious
'Tis but a happy Rashness.

Abd. But if he lose the Battel, 'tis an Error
Beyond Excuse, or Remedy, considering
That

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That half the lesser *Asia* will follow
The Victor's Fortune.

Mor. 'Tis his single Virtue
And Terror of his Name, that walls us in
From Danger ; were he lost, the naked Empire
Would be a Prey expos'd to all Invaders.

Abd. But is't not necessary
The King should know his Danger ?

Mor. To tell him of so great a Danger,
Were but to draw a greater on our selves :
For though his Eye is open as the Mornings,
Towards Lusts and Pleasures, yet so fast a Lethargy
Has seiz'd his Powers towards publick Cares and
He sleeps like Death. (dangers,

Abd. He's a Man of that strange Composition,
Made up of all the worst Extremities
Of Youth, and Age.

Mor. And though
He feels the Heats of Youth, and Colds of Age,
Yet neither tempers, nor corrects the other ;
As if there were an Ague in his Nature
That still inclines to one Extream.

Abd. But the *Caliph*, or *Haly*, or some that know
His foster Hours, might best acquaint him with it.

Mor. Alas, they shew him nothing
But in the Glas. of Flattery, if any thing
May beir a shew of Glory, Fame, or Greatness
'Tis multiplyed to an immense quantity,
And stretcht even to Divinity :
But if it tend to Danger, or Dishonour,
They turn about the Perspective, and shew it
So little, at such distance, so like nothing,

That

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That he can scarce discern it. (ledge

Abd. Tis the Fate of Princes, that no Knowledge
Comes pure to them, but passing through the Eyes
And Ears of other Men, it takes a Tincture
From every Channel; and still bears a relish
Of Flattery, or private Ends.

Mor. But Danger and Necessity
Dare speak the Truth.

Abd. But commonly
They speak not till it is too late:
And for *Haly*,
He that shall tell him of the Prince's Danger,
But tells him that himself is safe.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Princess, and Solymon.

King. Clear up, clear up, sweet *Erythaea*,
That Cloud that hangs upon thy Brow presages
A greater Storm than all the Turkish Power
Can throw upon us, methinks I see my Fortune
Setling her Looks by thine, and in thy Smile
Sits Victory, and in thy Frown our Ruin:

Why should not Hope
As much erect our Thoughts, as Fear deject them?

Why should we
Anticipate our Sorrows? 'tis like those
That die for fear of Death:
What is't you doubt, his Courage, or his Fortune?

Princess.

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Princess. Envy it self could never doubt his
Courage. (that

King. Then let not Love do worse, by doubting.
Which is but Valour's Slave ; a wise well-tem-
per'd Valour,

For such is his, those Giants Death and Danger,
Are but his Ministers, and serve a Master
More to be fear'd than they; and the blind Goddess
Is led amongst the Captives in his Triumph.

Princess. I had rather she had Eyes, for if she
saw him

Sure she would love him better ; but admit
She were at once a Goddess, and his Slave,
Yet Fortune, Valour, all is overborn
By Numbers : as the long resisting Bank
By the impetuous Torrent.

King. That's but Rumor :
Ne'er did the *Turk* invade our Territory,
But Fame and Terrour doubled still their Files :
But when our Troops encountered, then we found
Scarce a sufficient matter for our Fury. *One brings*
Solyman conduct him in, *word of a Messenger.*
'Tis surely from the Prince.

Enter Post, and delivers a Letter. (is well.

King. Give it our Secretaries, I hope the Prince
Post. The Letter will inform you. (*Enter a Mess.*
Mess. Sir, the Lords attend you. (*Ex. Princess En-*
King What News from the Army ? (*ter Lords.*
Lord. Please you to hear the Letter ?

King. Read it. (overthrow,

Lord. The *Turk* enraged with his last Years
Hath re-inforc't his Army with the choice of all
his Janizars, And

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And the Flow'r of his whole Empire ; we
Understand by some Fugitives, that he hath
Commanded

The Generals to return with Victory, or expect
A shameful Death : what I shall further do,
(Their Numbers five times exceeding ours)
I desire to receive Directions from Your Majesties
Command.

King. Send away all your Guards,
Let fresh Supplies of Victuals, and of Money---

Lord. Your Treasures
Are quite exhausted, the Exchequer's empty.

King. Send to the Bankers.

Ab. Sir, upon your late Demands
They answered they were Poor.

King. Sure the Villains hold a Correspondence
With the Enemy, and thus they would betray us :
First give us up to want, then to Contempt,
And then to Ruin ; but tell those Sons of Earth
I'll have their Money, or their Heads.

'Tis my Command, when such Occasions are,
No Plea must serve ; 'tis Cruelty to spare.

Another Messenger. [Exeunt Lords,

King. The Prince transported with his youthful
I fear hath gone too far : 'tis some Disaster, (heat.
Or else he would not send so thick : well, bring
I am prepar'd to hear the worst of Evils. (him in;

Enter Solyman and two Captains.

Capt. kisses his Hand. (ches,

King. What is the Prince besieged in his Tren-
And must have speedy Aid, or die by Famine ?
Or hath he rashly try'd the Chance of War,

And

And lost his Army, or his Liberty ?
 Tell me what Province they demand for Ransom :
 Or if the worst of all mishaps hath fallen,
 Speak, for he could not die unlike himself :
 Speak freely ; and yet methinks I read
 Something of better fortune in thy Looks,
 But dare not hope it.

Capt. Sir, the Prince lives.

King. And hath not lost his Honour ?

Capt. As safe in Honour as in Life.

King. Nor Liberty ?

Capt. Free as the Air he breathes.

King. Return with speed :

Tell him he shall have Money, Victuals, Men,
 With all the haste they can be levied. Farewel.

[*Offers to go.*]

Capt. But Sir, I have one word more.

King. Then be brief. (*venture.*)

Capt. So now you are prepar'd ; and I may

King. What is't ? (*Care.*)

Capt. Sir, a Fathers Love mixt with a Fathers
 This shewing Dangers greater, and that nearer,
 Have rais'd your Fears too high ; and those re-
 mov'd,

Too suddenly would let in such a Deluge
 Of Joy, as might oppress your Aged Spirits,
 Which made me gently first remove your Fears,
 That so you might have room to entertain
 Your fill of Joy : Your Son's a Conquerour.

King. Delude me not with fained Hopes, false
 It cannot be. And if he can but make (*Joys,*
 A fair Retreat, I shall account it more

Than

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Than all his former Conquests, (those huge
Numbers

Arm'd with Despair) the Flow'r of all the Empire.

Capt. Sir, I have not us'd to tell you Tales, or
Fables,

And why should you suspect your Happiness,
Being so constant. On my Life 'tis true Sir.

King. Well, I'll no more suspect
My Fortune, nor thy Faith:

Thou and thy News most welcom : *Solyman*
Go call the *Princess* and the *Lords*, they shall
Participate our Joys, as well as Cares.

Enter Princess and Lords.

King. Fair Daughter, blow away those Mists
and Clouds,

And let thy Eyes shine forth in their full Lustre ;
Invest them with thy loveliest Smiles, put on
Thy choicest Looks : his coming will deserve
them. *(safety ?)*

Princess. What, is the Prince returned with
'Tis beyond belief, or hope.

King. I, sweet *Erythaea* ;
Laden with Spoils and Honour : all thy Fears,
Thy wakeful Terrors, and affrighting Dreams,
Thy Morning Sighs, and Evening Tears have now
Their full Rewards. And you my Lords,
Prepare for Masques and Triumphs: Let no Cir-
cumstance

Be wanting, that becomes
The greatness of our State, or Joy.
Behold he comes.

S

Enter

*Enter Prince with Captains, and two
Captive Bashaws.*

King. Welcom brave Son, as welcom to thy Father

As *Phæbus* was to *Jove*, when he had slain
Th' ambitious Giants that assail'd the Sky ;
And as my Power resembles that of *Jove's*,
So shall thy Glory like high *Phæbus* shine
As bright and as immortal.

Prince. Great Sir, all acquisition
Of Glory as of Empire, here I lay before
Your Royal Feet, happy to be the instrument
To advance either : Sir I challenge nothing,
But am an humble Suitor for these Prisoners,
The late Commanders of the *Turkish* Powers,
Whose Valours have deserv'd a better Fortune.

King. Then what hath thine deserv'd ? th' are
thine brave *Mirza*,
Worthy of all thy Royal Ancestors, (tue,
And all those many Kingdoms, which their Ver-
Or got, or kept, though thou hadst not been
born to't.

But Daughter still your looks are sad,
No longer I'll defer your Joys, go take him
Into thy chaste Embrace, and whisper to him
That Welcom which those Blushes promise.

[Exit King.]

Prince. My *Erythaea*, why entertain'st thou
with so sad a Brow
My long desir'd Return ? thou wast wont
With Kisses and sweet Smiles, to welcom home

My

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My Victories, though bought with Sweat and
And long expected. (bloud;

Princess. Pardon Sir;

'Tis with our Souls

As with our Eyes, that after a long Darkness
Are dazled at the Approach of sudden Light :
When i' th' mid' of Fears we are surpriz'd
With unexpected Happiness : the first

Degrees of Joy are meer Astonishment.

And 'twas so lately in a dreadful Dream

I saw my Lord so near Destruction,
Deprived of his Eyes, a wretched Captive ;
Then shriekt my self awake, then slept again
And dream't the same ; my ill presaging Fancy
Suggesting still 'twas true.

Prince. Then I forgive thy sadnes, since Love
caus'd it,

For Love is full of Fears ; and Fear the shadow
Of Danger, like the shadow of our Bodies,
Is greater then, when that which is the cause
Is farthest off.

Princess. But still there's something
That checks my Joys,
Nor can I yet distinguish
Which is an Apparition, this, or that.

Prince. An Apparition ?
At Night I shall resolve that doubt, and make
Thy Dreams more pleasing. [Exeunt.

Enter Haly and Mirvan.

Mir. The time has been, my Lord,
When I was no such stranger to your Thoughts.

S 2

You

You were not wont to wear upon your Brow
 A Frown or Smile, but still have thought me
 At least to know the cause. (worthy,

Ha. 'Tis true,

Thy Breast hath ever been the Cabinet
 Where I have lockt my Secrets.

Mir. And did you ever find
 That any Art could pick the Lock, or Power
 Could force it open.

Ha. No, I have ever found thee
 Trusty and secret. But is't observ'd i' th' Court
 That I am sad? (course,

Mir. Observ'd? 'tis all Mens Wonder and Dis-
 That in a Joy so great, so universal,
 You should not bear a part.

Ha. Discourst of too?

Mir. Nothing but Treason
 More commonly, more boldly spoken.
 So singular a sadness

Must have a Cause as strange as the Effect :
 And Grief conceal'd, like hidden Fire consumes ;
 Which flaming out, would call in help to quench

Ha. But since thou canst not mend it, (it,
 To let thee know it, will but make thee worse ;
 Silence and time shall cure it.

Mir. But in Diseases when the Cause is known,
 'Tis more than half the Cure : you have my Lord
 My Heart to counsel, and my Hands to act,
 And my Advice and Actions both have met
 Success in things unlikely.

Ha. But this
 Is such a Secret, I dare hardly trust it

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To my own Soul. And though it be a Crime
In Friendship to betray a trusted Counsel,
Yet to conceal this were a greater Crime,
And of a higher Nature. *Mir.* Now I know it,
And your endeavour to conceal it,
Speaks it more plainly. 'Tis some Plot upon the
Prince. (search'd it,

Ha. Oh thou hast touch'd my Sore, and having
Now heal it if thou canst : The Prince hates me,
Or loves me not, or loves another better ;
Which is all one. This being known in Court,
Has rendred me despis'd, and scorn'd of all :
For I that in his absence
Blaz'd like a Star of the first magnitude
Now in his brighter Sun-shine am not seen :
No Applications now, no Troops of Suitors ;
No Power, no not so much as to do mischief.

Mir. My Lord, I am ashame'd of you,
So ill a Master in an Art, so long
Profest, and Practis'd by you, to be angry,
And angry with a Prince. And yet to shew it
In a sad Look, or womanish Complaint :
How can you hope to compass your Designs,
And not dissemble 'em ? Go flatter and adore
him,

Stand firſt among the Crowd of his Admirers.

Ha. Oh I have often spread those Nets, but he
Hath ever been too wise to think them real.

Mir. However,
Dissemble ſtill, thank him for all his Injuries ;
Take 'em for Favours ; if at laſt (ſon
You cannot gain him, ſome pretty nimble Poy-

May do the Feat. Or if he will abroad,
Find him some brave and Honourable Danger.

Ha. Have I not found him out as many Dangers
As Juno did for Hercules? yet he returns.
Like Hercules, doubled in Strength and Honour.

Mir. If Danger cannot do it, then try Pleasure,
Which when no other Enemy survives,
Still conquers all the Conquerors. Endeavour
To soften his Ambition into Lust,
Contrive fit Opportunities, and lay
Baits for Temptation.

Ha. I'll leave nothing unattempted :
But sure this will not take ; for all his Passions,
Affections, and Faculties are Slaves
Only to his Ambition.

Mir. Then let him fall by his own greatness,
And puff him up with glory, till it swell
And break him. First, betray him to himself,
Then to his Ruin : From his Vertues suck a
Poyson,

(Father,

As Spiders do from Flowers ; praise him to his
You know his Nature : Let the Princes Glory
Seem to eclipse, and cast a Cloud on his ; (sie :
And let fall something that may raise his Jealousy
But lest he should suspect it, draw it from him
As Fishers do the Bait, to make him follow it.

Ha. But the old King is so suspicious.

Mir. But withal
Most fearful : He that views a Fort to take it,
Plants his Artillery 'gainst the weakest part :
Work on his Fears, till Fear hath made him cruel ;
And Cruelty shall make him fear again.

Methinks

Methinks (my Lord) you that so oft have
sounded (Deeps)
And fathom'd all his Thoughts, that know the
And Shallows of his Heart, should need no In-
struments

To advance your Ends; his Passions, and his Fears
Lie Liegers for you in his Breast, and there
Negotiate your Affairs.

Enter King, Solyman, and Lords to them.

King. Solyman, Be it your Care to entertain
the Captains,
And the Prisoners, and use them kindly.

Sol. Sir, I am not for Entertainments now I am
Melancholy.

King. What griev'd for your good Fortune?

Sol. No Sir, but now the Wars are done, we
have no Pretences

To put off Creditors: I am haunted, Sir.

King. Not with Ghosts?

Sol. No Sir, Material and Substantial Devils. (them?)

King. I know the Cause, what is't thou ow'st

Sol. Not much Sir, but so much as spoils me
for a good Fellow;

'Tis but 2000 Dollars. A small sum---to you Sir.

King. Well, it shall be paid.

Sol. Then if the Devil come, for drinking let
me alone with him.

Well, Drink, I love thee but too well already,
But I shall love thee better hereafter: I have often
Drunk my self into Debt, but never out of Debt
till now.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

*Enter Prince, Haly, Captains, and Prisoners,
Bashawes.*

Prince. **P**ray let these Strangers find such Entertainment

As you would have desir'd,
Had but the chance of War determin'd it
For them, as now for us. And you, brave Enemies,
Forget your Nation, and ungrateful Master ;
And know that I can set so high a Price
On Valour though in Foes, as to reward it
With Trust and Honour.

I Bashaw. Sir, your twice conquered Vassals,
First by your Courage, then your Clemency,
Here humbly vow to sacrifice their Lives,
(The Gift of this your unexampled Mercy)
To your Commands and Service.

Prince to Haly. I pray (my Lord) second my
Suit,
I have already mov'd the King in Private,
That in our next Years Expedition they may have
Some Command.

Ha. I shall, my Lord,
And glad of the occasion. *Aside.*
I wonder Sir, you'll leave the Court, the Sphere
Where

Where all your Graces in full Lustre shine.

Prince. I, *Haly*, but the Reputation
Of virtuous Actions past, if not kept up
With an access, and fresh supply of new ones,
Is lost and soon forgotten : and like Palaces,
For want of Habitation and Repair,
Dissolve to heaps of Ruin.

Ha. But can you leave, Sir,
Your Old Indulgent Father, and forsake
The Embraces of so fair, so chaste a Wife ?
And all the Beauties of the Court besides,
Are mad in Love, and dote upon your Person :
And is't not better sleeping in their Arms,
Than in a cold Pavilion in the Camp ? (ed
Where your short Sleeps are broke and interrupt-
With Noises and Alarms. (despise

Prince. *Haly*, Thou know'st not me, how I
These short and empty Pleasures ; and how low
They stand in my Esteem, which every Peasant,
The meanest Subject in my Fathers Empire
Enjoys as fully, in as high Perfection
As he or I ; and which are had in common
By Beasts as well as Men : wherein they equal,
If not exceed us ; Pleasures to which we're led
Only by Sense, those Creatures which have least
Of Reason, most enjoy.

Ha. Is not (nough
The Empire you are born to , a Scene large e-
To exercise your Virtues ? There are Virtues
Civil as well as Military ; for the one (ready :
You have given the World an ample Proof al-
Now exercise the other, 'tis no less

To

To Govern justly, make your Empire Flourish
With wholsom Laws, in Riches, Peace, and
Plenty,

Then by the expence of Wealth and Blood to
New Acquisitions. (make

Prince. That I was born so great, I owe to
Fortune,

And cannot pay that Debt, till Virtue set me
High in Example, as I stand in Title; (Actions
Till what the World calls Fortune's Gifts, my
May stile their own Rewards, and those too little.
Princes are then themselves, when they arise
More Glorious in Mens Thoughts than in their

Ha. Sir, your Fame (Eyes.
Already fills the World, and what is infinite
Cannot receive Degrees, but will swallow
All that is added; as our Caspian Sea
Receives our Rivers, and yet seems not fuller:
And if you tempt her more, the Wind of Fortune
May come about, and take another Point
And blast your Glories.

Prince. No,
My Glories are past Danger, they're full blown:
Things that are blasted, are but in the Bud;
And as for Fortune, I nor love, nor fear her:
I am resolv'd, go *Haly*, Flatter still your Aged
Master,

Still sooth him in his Pleasures, and still grow
Great by those Arts.

Well, farewell Court,
Where Vice not only hath usurpt the Place,
But the Reward, and even the name of Virtue.

Ha.

Ha. Still, still,
Slighted and scorn'd ; yet this Affront
Hath stamp't a noble Title on my Malice,
And married it to Justice. The King is Old,
And when the Prince succeeds,
I'm lost past all Recovery : then I
Must meet my Danger, and destroy him first ;
But cunningly, or closely, or his Son
And Wife, like a fierce Tygress will devour me.
There's Danger every way ; and since 'tis so,
'Tis brave, and noble, when the falling weight
Of my own Ruin crushes those I hate :
But how to do it, that's the work, he stands
So high in reputation with the People,
There's but one way, and that's to make his
Father
The Instrument, to give the name, and Envy
To him ; but to my self the Prize and Glory.
He's Old and Jealous, apt for Suspicions, 'gainst
which Tyrants Ears
Are never clos'd. The Prince is Young,
Fierce, and Ambitious, I must bring together
All these Extreams ; and then remove all Mediums,
That each may be the others Object.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. My Lord,
Now if your Plots be ripe, you are befriended
With Opportunity ; the King is Melancholy,
Apted for any ill Impressions.
Make an Advantage of the Prince's Absence,
Urge some suspected Cause of his departure,
Use all your Art : he's coming. *Exit Mir.*
Exeir

Enter King.

Ha. Sir, have you known an Action of such Glory

Less swell'd with Ostentation, or a Mind Less tainted with Felicity? 'tis a rare Temper in the Prince.

King. Is it so rare to see a Son so like His Father? Have not I performed Actions As great, and with as great a Moderation?

Ha. I, Sir, but that's forgotten. Actions o' th' last Age, are like Almanacks o' th' last Year.

King. 'Tis well; but with all his Conquests, what I get in Empire I lose in Fame: I think my self no Gainer. But am I quite forgotten?

Ha. Sir, you know Age breeds neglect in all, and Actions Remote in time, like Objects Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their greatness; And what is new finds better acceptance, Than what is good or great: yet some Old Men Tell Stories of you in their Chimney corners.

King. No otherwise? *Ha.* They're all so full of him: some magnifie His Courage, some his Wit, but all admire A greatness so familiar.

King. Sure *Ha!* Thou hast forgot thy self: art thou a Courtier, Or I a King? my Ears are unacquainted With such bold Truths; especially from thee.

Ha.

Ha. Sir, when I am call'd to't, I must speak Boldly and plainly.

King. But with what eagerness, what Circumstance,
Unaskt, thou tak'st such pains to tell me only
My Son's the better Man.

Ha. Sir, where Subjects want the Privilege
To speak; there Kings may have the Privilege
To live in Ignorance.

King. If 'twere a Secret that concern'd my Life
Or Empire, then this Boldness might become thee;

But such unnecessary Rudeness favours
Of some Design.

And this is such a false and squint-eyed Praise,
Which seeming to look upwards on his Glories,
Looks down upon my Fears; I know thou hat'st
him;

And like infected Persons fain wouldst rub
The ulcer of thy Malice upon me.

Ha. Sir, I almost believe you speak your
Thoughts,
But that I want the Guilt to make me fear it.

King. What mean these guilty Blushes then?

Ha. Sir, if I blush, it is because you do not,
To upbraid so try'd a Servant, that so often
Have wak'd that you might sleep; and been
expos'd

To Dangers for your Safety.

King. And therefore think'st
Thou art so wrapt, so woven into all
My Trusts and Counsels, that I now must suffer
All thy Ambition aims at.

Ha.

Ha. Sir, if your Love grows weary,
And thinks you have worn me long enough, I'm
willing

To be left off; but he's a foolish Seaman,
That when his Ship is sinking, will not
Unlade his Hopes into another bottom.

King. I understand no Allegories.

Ha. And he's as ill a Courtier, that when
His Master's old, desires not to comply
With him that must succeed. *King.* But if
He will not be comply'd with? *Ha.* Oh Sir,
There's one sure way, and I have known it pra-
ctis'd

In other States. *King.* What's that?

Ha. To make
The Fathers Life the Price of the Sons favour,
To walk upon the Graves of our dead Masters
To our own security. *King starts and
scratches his Head.*

Ha. 'Tis this must take: [aside] Does this
plainness please you Sir?

King. Haly, Thou know'st my Nature, too
too apt

To these Suspicions; but I hope the Question
Was never mov'd to thee?

Ha. In other Kingdoms, Sir.

King. But has my Son no such Design?

Ha. Alas,

You know I hate him; and should I tell you
He had, you'd say it was but Malice.

King. No more of that good *Haly*, I know
thou lov'st me:

But

But left the care of future Safety tempt thee
To forfeit present Loyalty ; or present Loyalty
Forfeit thy future Safety,
I'll be your Reconciler : call him hither.

Ha. Oh Sir, I wish he were within my call, or
yours.

King. Why, where is he ?

Ha. He has left the Court, Sir.

King. I like not these Excursions, why so sud-
denly ?

Ha. 'Tis but a sally of Youth, yet some say he's
discontented.

King. That grates my Heart-strings. What
should discontent him ?

Except he thinks I live too long.

Ha. Heaven forbid :

And yet I know no Cause of his departure ;
I'm sure he's honoured, and lov'd by all ;
The Soldiers God, the Peoples Idol. *King.* I, *Haly*,
The *Persians* still worship the rising Sun.

But who went with him ? *Ha.* None but the
Captains.

King. The Captains ? I like not that.

Ha. Never fear it, Sir :

'Tis true, they love him but as their General,
not their Prince.

And though he be most forward and ambitious,
'Tis temper'd with so much Humility.

King. And so much the more dangerous ;
There are some that use

Humility to serve their Pride, and seem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wisht Journeys end.

Ha.

Ha. Sir, I know not
 What ways or ends you mean; 'tis true
 In popular States, or where the Princes Title
 Is weak, and must be propt by the Peoples Power;
 There by familiar ways 'tis necessary
 To win on Mens Affections. But none of these
 Can be his end.

King. But there's another end.
 For if his Glories rise upon the Ruins
 Of mine, why not his Greatness too?

Ha. True Sir,
 Ambition is like Love, impatient
 Both of Delays and Rivals. But Nature—

King. But Empire.—

Ha. I had almost forgot Sir, he has
 A Suit to your Majesty. *King.* What is't?

Ha. To give the *Tarkish* Prisoners some Com-
 In the next Action. (mand

King. Nay, then 'tis too apparent,
 He fears my Subjects Loyalty, (plainly,
 And now must call in Strangers; come deal
 I know thou can't discover more.

Ha. I can discover (Sir) (gers.
 The depth of your great Judgment in such Dan-

King. What shall I do, *Haly*?

Ha. Your Wisdom is so great, it were Pre-
 sumption for me to advise.

King. Well, we'll consider more of that, but
 for the present (thank thee
 Let him with speed be sent for. *Mahomet* I
 I have one faithful Servant, honest *Haly*.

[Exit *King*.
 Enter

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. How did he take it?

Ha. Swallow'd it as greedily
As parched Earth drinks rain.
Now the first part of our design is over,
His ruine ; but the second, our security,
Must now be thought on. (his fury)

Mir. My Lord, you are too sudden ; though
Determine rashly, yet his colder fear
Before it executes, consults with reason,
And that not satisfied with shews, or shadows,
Will ask to be convinc'd by something real ;
Now must we frame some Plot, and then disco-
ver it.

Ha. Or intercept some Letter, which our selves
Had forg'd before.

Mir. And still admire the Miracle,
And thank the Providence.

Ha. Then we must draw in somebody
To be the publick Agent, that may stand
'Twixt us and danger, and the Peoples Envy.

Mir. Who fitter than the grand *Caliph*?
And he will set a grave religious Face
Upon the busines.

Ha. But if we cannot work him,
For he's so full of Foolish scruples ;
Or if he should prove false, and then betray us.

Mir. Betray us ? sure (my Lord) your fear has
blinded
Your understanding ; for what serves the King ?
Will not his threats work more than our perswa-
sions,

The SOPHY.

While we look on, and laugh, and seem as ignorant
As unconcern'd; and thus appearing Friends
To either side, on both may work our ends.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Turkish *Bashaws*
Desire acces.

Ha. Admit 'em, I know their busines.

Mir. They long to hear with what success
The King in their behalf. (you mov'd

Ha. But now they'r come, I'll make 'em do my
Better than I did theirs. (busines

Mir. Leave us a while.

[*Ex. Mir.*]

Enter two Bashaws.

Ha. My Lords, my duty and affection to the
Prince,

And the respects I owe to Men of honour, (utter:
Extort a secret from me, which yet I grieve to
The Prince departing, left to me the care
Of your affairs, which I, as he commanded,
Have recommended to the King, but with so
A success— (unlookt for

1 Bas. My Lord, fear not to speak our doom,
while we

Fear not to hear it: we were lost before,
And can be ready now to meet that fate
We then expected.

Ha. Though he that brings unwelcom News
Has but a losing Office, yet he that shews
Your danger first, and then your way to safety,
May heal that wound he made. You know the
King

With jealous Eyes hath ever lookt awry

On

On his Sons actions, but the Fame and Glory
Of the last War hath rais'd another Spirit;
Envy and Jealousie are twin'd together,
Yet both lay hid in his dissembled smiles,
Like two concealed Serpents, till I, unhappy I,
Moving this question, trod upon them both,
And rouz'd their sleeping angers; then casting
from him
His doubts, and straight confirm'd in all his fears,
Decrees to you a speedy death, to his own Son
A close restraint: but what will follow
I dare not think; you by a sudden flight may find
your safety.

2 Bas. Sir, Death and we are not such strangers,
That we should make dishonour, or ingratitude
The price of Life; it was the Princes gift,
And we but wear it for his sake and service.

Ha. Then for his sake and service
Pray follow my advice: though you have lost
the favour

Of your unworthy Master; yet in the Provinces
You lately governed, you have those dependences
And interests, that you may raise a power
To serve the Prince: I'll give him timely notice
To stand upon his guard.

1 Bas. My Lord, we thank you,
But we must give the Prince Intelligence,
Both when, and how to employ us.

Ha. If you will write,
Commit it to my care and secrecy,
To see it safe convey'd.

2 Bas. We shall, my Lord.

Ha. These Men were once the Princes Foes, and
then

Unwillingly they made him great: but now
Being his Friends, shall willingly undo him;
And which is more, be still his Friends.
What little Arts govern the World! we need not
An Armed Enemy, or corrupted Friend;
When service but misplac'd, or love mistaken
Performs the work: nor is this all the use
I'll make of them; when once they are in Arms,
Their Master shall be wrought to think these
Forces

Rais'd against him; and this shall so endear me
To him, that though dull Vertue and the Gods
O'rcome my subtle mischief, I may find
A safe Retreat, and may at least be sure,
If not more mighty, to be more secure. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Enter King and Haly.

King. But *Haly*, What Confederates ha's the
In his Conspiracy? (Prince)

Ha. Sir, I can yet suspect

None but the Turkish Prisoners, and that only
From their late sudden flight.

King. Are they fled? For what?

Ha. That, their own fears best know; their
Entertainment I'm

I'm sure was such as could not minister
Suspicion or dislike: but sure they're conscious
Of some intended mischief, and are fled
To put it into act.

King. This still confirms me more;
But let 'em be pursu'd : let all the passages
Be well secur'd that no Intelligence
May pass between the Prince and them.

Ha. It shall be done, Sir.

King. Is the *Caliph* prepar'd?

Ha. He's without, Sir,
And waits your Pleasure.

King. Call him.

Enter Haly and Caliph.

King. I have a great design to act, in which
The greatest part is thine. In brief 'tis this,
I fear my Son's high Spirit; and suspect
Designs upon my Life and Crown.

Ca. Sure, Sir, your Fears are causeless;
Such Thoughts are Strangers to his noble Soul.

King. No, 'tis too true; I must prevent my
Danger,
And make the first attempt: there's no such way
To avoid a Blow, as to strike first, and sure.

Ca. But, Sir, I hope my Function shall ex-
empt me
From bearing any part in such Designs.

King. Your Function! [Laughs] Do you think
that Princes
Will raise such Men so near themselves for no-
thing?

We but advance you to advance our purposes:

T 3

Nay,

Nay, even in all Religion,
 Their Learned'ſt, and their ſeeming holieſt Men,
 but ſerve
 To work thir Masters ends ; and varniſh o're
 Their actions, with ſome ſpecious pious colour :
 No ſcruples ; do't, or by our holy Prophet,
 The death my rage intends to him, is thine.

Ca. Sir, 'tis your part to will, mine to obey.

King. Then be wife and ſudden.

Enter Lords as to Council. *Ab. Mor.*

Ca. My Lords, it grieves me to relate the cauſe
 Of thiſ Aſſemblie ; and 'twill grieve you all :
 The Prince you know stands high in all thoſe
 graces

Which Nature, ſeconded by fortune, gives :
 Wiſdom he ha's, and to his Wiſdom Courage ;
 Temper to that, and unto all Succeſs. But
 Ambition, the diſease of Virtue, bred
 Like ſurfeits from an undigested fullneſs,
 Meets death in that which is the means of life.
 Great Mahomet, to whom our Soveraigns life,
 And Empire is moſt dear, appearing, thus
 Adviſ'd me in a Vision ; Tell the King,
 The Prince his Son attempts his Life and Crown ;
 And though no creature lives that more admires
 His Virtues, nor effects his Person more
 Than I ; yet zeal and duty to my Soveraign
 Have cancell'd all respects ; nor muſt we flight
 The Prophets Revelations.

Abd. Remember, Sir, he is your Son,
 Indeared to you by a double bond,
 As to his King, and Father.

King.

King. And the remembrance of that double bond
Doubles my sorrows. 'Tis true,
Nature and duty bind him to obedience ;
But those being placed in a lower sphere,
His fierce ambition, like the highest mover,
Has hurried with a strong impulsive motion
Against their proper course. But since he has forgot
The Duty of a Son, I can forget
The Affections of a Father.

Abd. But Sir, in the beginning of Diseases
None try the extreamest Remedies.

King. But when they're sudden,
The cure must be as quick ; when I'm dead,
you'll say,

My fears have been too slow : Treasons are acted,
As soon as thought, though they are ne're be-
lieved

Until they come to act.

Mor. But consider, Sir,
The greatness of the attempt, the People love him;
The lookers on, and the enquiring Vulgar
Will talk themselves to action : thus by
avoiding

A danger but suppos'd, you tempt a real one.

King. Those Kings whom envy, or the Peo-
ples murmur

Deters from their own purposes, deserve not
Nor know not their own Greatness ;
The Peoples murmur, 'tis a sulphurous vapour
Breath'd from the Bowels of the basest Earth ;
And it may soil and blast things near it self :
But e'er it reach the Region we are plac'd in,

It vanishes to Air ; we are above
The Sense or Danger of such Storms.

Cap. True, Sir, they are but Storms while
Royalty

Stands like a Rock, and the tumultuous vulgar,
Like Billows rais'd with Wind (that's with opi-
nion)

May Roar, and make a Noise, and threaten ;
But if they rowl too near, they're dash't in pieces
While they stand firm.

Abd. Yet Sir, Crowns are not plac'd so high,
But vulgar hands may reach 'em.

King. Then 'tis when they are plac'd on vul-
gar Heads.

Abd. But Sir,

Look back upon your self; why should your Son
Anticipate a hope so near, so certain ? we may
wish and pray

For your long Life : but neither Prayers nor
Power

Can alter Fates Decree, or Natures Law.
Why should he ravish then that Diadem
From your gray Temples, which the hand of
time

Must shortly plant on his ;

King. My Lords,

I see you look upon me as a Sun
Now in his West, half buried in a Cloud,
Whose Rays the vapours of approaching Night
Have rendered weak and faint : But you shall
find

That I can yet shoot Beams, whose heat can melt
The

The waxen Wings of this ambitious Boy.
Nor runs my blood so cold, nor is my Arm
So feeble yet, but he that dares defend him,
Shall feel my Vengeance, and shall usher me
Into my Grave.

Ab. Sir, we defend him not,
Only desire to know his crime: 'Tis possible
It may be some mistake, or mis-report,
Some false suggestion, or malicious scandal:
Or if Ambition be his fault, 'Twas yours;
He had it from you when he had his Being:
Nor was't his fault, nor yours, for 'tis in Princes
A crime to want it; from a noble Spirit
Ambition can no more be separated,
Then heat from fire: Or if you fear the Vision,
Will you suspect the noble Prince, because
This holy Man is troubled in his sleep?
Because his crazy Stomach wants concoction,
And breeds ill fumes; or his melancholy Spleen
Sends up phantaſtick vapours to his Brain:
Dreams are but Dreams, these causless fears be-
come not
Your noble Soul.

King. Who speaks another word
Hath spoke his last: Great *Mahomet* we thank
thee,
Protector of this Empire, and this life,
Thy cares have met my fears; this on pre-
sumptions
Strong and apparent, I have long presag'd:
And though a Prince may punish what he fears,
Without account to any but the Gods;

Wife

Wise States as often cut off ills that may be,
 As those that are ; and prevent purposes
 Before they come to Practice ; and foul Practices
 Before they grow to Act. You cannot but ob-
 serve

How he dislikes the Court, his rude departure,
 His honour from the People and the Soldiers,
 His seeking to oblige the Turks, his Prisoners,
 Their sudden and suspected flight.

And above all, his restless towring thoughts.

King. If the Business be important,
 Admit him.

Enter Messenger with a Letter.

Mess. Sir, upon your late command
 To guard the passage, and search all packets,
 This to the Prince was intercepted.

[*King opens it, and reads it to himself.*]

King. Here *Abdal*, read it. [*Abdal reads.*]

The Letter.

Abdal reads. Sir, we are assured how unnatural
 your Fathers intentions
 Are towards you, and how cruel towards us ; we
 have

Made an escape, not so much to seek our own,
 As to be Instruments of your Safety : We will be
 In Arms upon the Borders, upon your Command,
 Either to seek danger with you, or to receive you
 If you please, to seek Safety with us.

King. Now my Lords,
 Alas my fears are causeless and ungrounded,
 Fantastick dreams, and melancholy fumes
 Of crazy Stomachs, and distempered Brains :

Has

Has this convinc'd you?

Mor. Sir, we see

Some reason you should fear, but whom, we
know not;

'Tis possible these Turks may play the Villains
Knowing the Prince, the life of all our hopes,
Staff of our Age, and Pillar of our Empire;
And having fail'd by force, may use this Art
To ruin him, and by their Treason here
To make their Peace at home,
Now should this prove a truth, when he ha's
suffered

Death, or disgrace, which are to him the same;
'Twill be too late to say you were mistaken;
And then to cry him Mercy: Sir, we beseech you
A while suspend your doom, till time produce
Her wonted off-spring, Truth.

King. And so expecting
The event of what you think, shall prove the
experiment

Of what I fear; but since he is my Son,
I cannot have such violent thoughts toward him,
As his towards me: he only shall remain
A Prisoner till his Death, or mine enlarge him.

[*Ex. Lords, Mor. Haly.*]

Solyman peeps in.

King. Away, away, we're serious.

Sol. But not so serious to neglect your safety.

King, Art thou in earnest?

Sol. Nay, Sir, I can be serious as well as my
betters.

King.

King. What's the matter?

Sol. No, I am an inconsiderable Fellow, and
and know nothing.

King. Let's here that nothing then.

Sol. The Turks, Sir.

King. What of them?

Sol. When they could not overcome you by
force, they'll

Do it by treachery.

King. As how?

Sol. Nay, I can se^e as far into a Milstone, as a
nother Man.

They have corrupted some ill-affected Persons.

King. What to do?

Sol. To nourish Jealousies 'twixt you and
your Son.

King. My Son, Where is he?

Sol. They say he's Posting hither.

King. Haly, we are betrayed, prevented, look
to the Ports, and let

The Guards be doubled : how far's his Army
hence?

Is the City in Arms to Joyn with him?

Sol. Arms? and joyn with him? I understand
you not.

King. Didst thou not say the Prince was
coming?

Sol. I heard some foolish people say you had
sent for

Him, as a Traytor, which to my apprehension
was on

Purpose spoken to make you odious, and make him
desperate ; And

And so divide the People into faction. A Plot of Dangerous consequence, as I take it, Sir.

King. And is this all, thou fawcy trifling Fool?

Haly. Sir, this seeming Fool is a concealed dangerous Knave ; (do

Under their safe disguise he thinks he may say or Any thing : you'll little think him the chief

Conspirator,

The only spy t' inform the Prince of all is done in Court.

King. Let him be rack't, till he confess The whole Conspirator.

Sol. Rack't ! I have told you all I know, and and more :

There's nothing more in me, Sir, but may be squeezed

Out without racking, only a stoop or two of Wine ; (had

And if there had not been too much of that, you Not had so much of the other.

King. That's your cunning, Sirrah,

Sol. Cunning, Sir ! I am no Polititian ; and was ever thought to have

Too little wit, and too much plain dealing for a States-Man [Exit.]

King. Away with him.

Ha. But something must be done, Sir, to satisfie the People :

'Tis not enough to say he did design, Or plot, or think, but did attempt some violence ;

And then some strange miraculous escape :

For

For which our Prophet must have publick
thanks :

And this false colour shall delude the Eyes
Of the amused vulgar.

King. 'Tis well advis'd.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, His Highnes is return'd.

King. And unconstrain'd ? But with what
change of Countenance

Did he receive the message ?

Mess. With some Amazement ;
But such as sprung from wonder, not from fear
It was so unexpected.

King. Leave us.

Haly, I ever found the honest ; truer to me
Than mine own blood, and now's the time to
shew it :

For thou art he my Love and Trust hath chosen
To put in action my design : Surprise him
As he shall pass the Galleries. I'le place
A guard behind the Arras; when thou hast him
Since blinded with ambition, he did soar
Like a feel'd Dove ; his crime shall be his pu-
nishment

To be depriv'd of sight, which see perform'd
With a hot steel : Now as thou lov'lt my safety
Be resolute, and sudden.

Ha. 'Tis severe ;
But yet I dare not intercede, it shall be done :
But is that word irrevocable ?

King. I, as Years, or Ages past ; relent not, if
thou do'st —————

[*Exit King.*
Enter

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Why so melancholy ? is the design discovered ?

Ha. No, but I am made the Instrument,
That still endeavoured to disguise my plots
With borrowed looks, and make 'em walk in
darknes?

To act 'em now my self ; be made the mark
For all the Peoples hate, the Princess Curses,
And his Sons Rage, or the old Kings Inconstancy.
For this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget service, but remember wrongs.

Mir. But could you not contrive
Some fine pretence to cast it on some other ?

Ha. No, he dare trust no other : had I given
But the least touch of any private quarrel,
My malice to his Son, not care of him,
Had then begot this Service.

Mir. 'Tis but t'other Plot, my Lord ; you know
The King by other Wives had many Sons :
Soffy is but a Child, and you already
Command the Emperours Guard; procure for me
The Goverment of o' th' City ; when he dies,
Urge how unfortunate those States have been
Whose Princes are but Children ; then set the
Crown

Upon some others heads, that may acknowledge
And owe the Empire to your gift.

Ha. It shall be done ; *Abdal*, who Commands
The City, is the Princes Friend, and therefore
Must be displac'd, and thou shalt straight suc-
ceed him,

Thou

Thou art my better Genius, honest *Mirvan* ;
 Greatness we owe to Fortune, or to Fate ;
 But Wisdom only can secure that state. [Ex.
Enter Prince at one Door, and Princess at another.

Princess. You're double welcom now (my
 Lord) your coming
 Was so unlookt for.

Prince To me I'm sure it was ;
 Know'st thou the cause ? for sure it was impor-
 tant,

That calls me back so suddenly.

Princess. I am so ignorant,
 I knew not you were sent for.
 Waking I know no cause, but in my sleep
 My fancy still presents such dreams and terrors,
 As did *Andromache's* the night before
 Her *Hector* fell ; but sure 'tis more than Fancy.
 Either our Guardian Angels, or the Gods
 Inspire us, or some natural instinct
 Fore-tells approaching dangers.

Prince. How does my Father ?

Princess. Still talks and plays with *Fatima*, but
 his mirth

Is forc'd and strain'd : in his looks appears
 A wild distracted fierceness ; I can read
 Some dreadful purpose in his Face ; but where
 This dismal Cloud will break, and spend his fury,
 I dare not think : pray Heaven make false his
 fears.

Sometimes his anger breaks through all disguises,
 And spears not Gods, nor Men ; and then he seems,
 Jealous of all the World : suspects, and starts,
 And looks behind him.

Enter

The SOPHY.

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Enter Morat, as in haste.

*M*or. Sir, with hazard of my Life I've ventur'd
To tell you, you are lost, betray'd, undone ;
Rouze up your Courage, call up all your Counsels,
And think on all those stratagems which nature
Keeps ready to encounter sudden dangers.

Prince. But pray (my Lord) by whom? for
for what offence?

Mor. Is it a time for story, when each minute
Begets a thousand dangers? the Gods protect you.

「Exit.

Prince. This Man was ever Honest, and my Friend,

And I can see in his amazed look,
Something of danger ; but in actor thought,
I never did that thing should make me fear it.

Princess. Nay, good Sir, let not so secure a
Confidence

Betray you to your ruine.

Prince. Prethee Woman
Keep to thy self thy Fears, I cannot know
There is such a thing in Nature ; I stand so strong,
Inclosed with a double guard of Vertue,
And Innocence, that I can look on dangers,
As he that stands upon a Rock
Can look on Storms and Tempests. Fear and guilt
Are the same thing; and when our actions are not,
Our Fears are Crimes.
And he deserves it less that guilty bears

A punishment, than he that guiltless fears. [Ex.
F. 1. Holm, and Tanturc.

Enter Haly and Torturers.

H. This is the place appointed, assist me
Courage! V This

This hour ends all my Fears ; but pause a while :
 Suppose I should discover to the Prince
 The whole Conspiracy, and so retort it
 Upon the King ; it were an handsom Plot,
 But full of difficulties, and uncertain ;
 And he's so fool'd with down-right honesty, .
 He'll ne'er believe it ; and now 'tis too late ;
 The Guards are set, and now I hear him coming.

Enter Prince, stumbles at the entrance.

Prince. 'Tis ominous, but I will on ; de-
 struction

O'retakes as often those that flye , as those that
 boldly meet it. (you.

Ha. By your leave Prince, your Father greets
Prince. Unhand me Traytors. [Haly casts a
 Scarf over his Face.]

Ha. That Title is your own, and we are sent
 to let you know it.

Prince. Is not that the Voice of Haly ?

Haly. I, Vertuous Prince, I come to make you
 exercise

One Virtue more , your Patience. [Heat the
 Irons quickly.]

Prince. Insolent Villain, for what Cause ?

Ha. Only to gaze upon a while , until your
 Eyes are out.

Prince. O Villain, shall I not see my Father,
 To ask him what's my Crime? who my Accusers?
 Let me but try if I can wake his pity
 From his Lethargick sleep.

Ha. It must not be, Sir.

Prince. Shall I not see my Wife, nor bid farewell
 To

To my dear Children ?

Ha. Your Pray'rs are all in vain.

Prince. Thou shalt have half my Empire *Haly,*
let me but

See the Tyrant, that before my Eyes are lost,
They may dart poy's nous flashes like the Basilisk,
And look him dead ; These Eyes that still were
open,

Or to fore-see, or to prevent his dangers,
Must they be closed in Eternal Night ?

Cannot his thirst of Blood be satisfied
With any but his own ? And can his Tyranny
Find out no other object but his Son ?
I seek not Mercy ; tell him, I desire
To die at once, not to consume an Age
In lingring Deaths.

Ha. Our Ears are charm'd : Away with him.

Prince. Can ye behold (ye Gods) a wronged
Innocent ?

Or sleeps your Justice, like my Fathers Mercy ?
Or are you blind ? as I must be. [Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Abdall and Morat.

Ab. I Ever fear'd the Prince's too much greatness
Would make him less : the greatest heights are
The greatest Precipice.

Mor. 'Tis in Worldly accidents

As in the World it self, where things most distant
Meet one another : Thus the East and West,
Upon the Globe, a Mathematick point
Only divides : Thus Happyness and Misery,
And all extreams are still contiguous.

Ab. Or, if'twixt happyness and misery there be
A distance, 'tis an Aery *Vacuum* ;
Nothing to moderate, or break the fall.

Mor. But oh this Saint-like Devil !
This damned *Caliph*, to make the King believe
To kill his Son, 's Religion.

Ab. Poor Princes, how are they mis-led !
While they, whose sacred Office 'tis to bring
Kings to obey their God, and Men their King ;
By these mysterious links to fix and tye
Them to the Foot-stool of the Deity ;
Even by these Men, Religion, that should be
The Curb, is made the Spur to Tyranny :
They with their double Key of Conscience bind
The Subjects Souls, and leave Kings unconfin'd ;
While their poor Vassals Sacrifice their blouds
T' Ambition ; and to Avarice, their goods :
Blind with Devotion. They themselves esteem
Made for themselves, and all the world for them ;
While Heavens great Law, given for their guide,

appears

Just, or unjust, but as it waits on theirs :
Us'd, but to give the Echo to their Words,
Power to their wills, and edges to their Swords.
To varnish all their Errors, and secure
The Ills they act, and all the World endure.
Thus by their Arts Kings awe the World, while
they, Religion,

Religion, as their Mistress, seem t' obey ;
Yet as their Slave Command her while they seem
To rise to Heaven, they make Heaven stoop to
them. (bends

Mor. Nor is this all, where feign'd Devotion
The highest things, to serve the lowest ends :
For if the many-headed Beast hath broke,
Or shaken from his Neck the Royal Yoke,
With popular rage, Religion doth conspire,
Flows into that, and swells the Torrent higher ;
Then Powers first Pedigree from Force derives,
And calls to mind the old Prerogatives
Of free-born Man ; and with a saucy Eye
Searches the Heart and Soul of Majesty :
Then to a strict account, and censure brings
The Actions, Errors, and the end of Kings ;
Treads on Authority, and Sacred Laws ;
Yet all for God, and his pretended Cause,
Acting such things for him, which he in them,
And which themselves in others will condemn ;
And thus engag'd, nor safely can retire,
Nor safely stand, but blindly bold aspire, (climb
Forcing their hopes, even through despair, to
To new attempts ; disdain the present time,
Grow from Disdain to Threats, from Threats to
Arms ;

While they (though Sons of Peace) still found
th' Alarms :
Thus whether Kings or People seek extremes,
Still Conscience and Religion are their Themes :
And whatsoever change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces, or persuades.

Others may give the Fewel, or the Fire ;
But they the Breath, that makes the Flame, inspire.

Ab. This, and much more is true, but let not us
Add to our ills, and aggravate Misfortunes
By passionate Complaints, nor lose our selves,
Because we have lost him ; for if the Tyrant
Were to a Son so noble, so unnatural ;
What will he be to us, who have appear'd
Friends to that Son ?

Mor. Well thought on, and in time ;
Farewel unhappy Prince, while we thy Friends,
As Strangers to our Countrey, and our selves,
Seek out our Safety, and expect with Patience
Heavens Justice.

Ab. Let's rather act it, than expect it :
The Prince's injuries at our hands require
More than our Tears, and Patience :
His Army is not yet disbanded,
And only wants a head ; thither we'll flye,
And all who love the Prince, or hate the Tyrant,
Will follow us.

Mor. Nobly resolv'd ; and either we'll restore
The Prince, or perish in the brave attempt.
Ye Gods, since what we mean to execute,
Is your high office (to avenge the Innocent),
Assist us with a Fortune, equal to
The justice of our Action ; lest the World
Should think it self deluded, and mistrust
That you want will, or power to be Just. [Ex.

Enter Haly.

Ha. 'Tis done, and 'twas my Master-piece, to
work

My

My safety 'twixt two dangerous extreams ;
Now like a skilful Sayler have I past
Scylla and *Charybdis*, I have scap't the Rock
Of steep Ambition, and the gulf of Jealousie,
A danger less avoided, 'cause less fear'd.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. What's done, my Lord ?

Ha. Enough, I warrant you; Imprison'd, and
depriv'd of sight.

Mor. No more ? This but provokes him : can
you think

Your self secure, and he alive ?

Ha. The reft o' th' busines will do it self;
He can as well endure a Prison, as a wild Bull
the Net :

There let him struggle, and toyl himself to death,
And save us so much Envy. (juries

Mir. But if his Father should relent, such in-
Can receive no excuse or colour, but to be
Transferr'd upon his Counsellours; and then
The forfeiture of them redeems his error.

Ha. We must set a mark upon his Passion,
And as we find it running low,
What ebbs from his, into our rage shall flow.
Why should we be more wicked
Than we must needs ?

Mir. Nay, if you stick at Conscience, (being
More gallant Actions have been lost, for want of
Compleatly wicked, than have been perform'd
By being exactly vertuous. 'Tis hard to be
Exact in Good, or excellent in Ill;
Our will wants power, or else our power wants
skill. [Ex. V 4 Ento-

Enter Solyman and Tormentor.

Sol. But Gentlemen, was the King in earnest ?
I can scarce believe it.

Tor. You will when you feel it.

Sol. I pray, have any of you felt it, to tell me
what it is ?

Tor. No, Sir, but

Some of your Fellow Courtiers can tell you,
That use something like it, to mend their shapes.
'Twill make you so straight and slender !

Sol. Slender ! because I was slender in my
Wits, must I be drawn

Slender in my waste ? I'd rather grow wise,
And corpulent, like him they call *Abdomen*.

Tor. Come Sir, 'tis but a little stretching.

Sol. No, no more's hanging ; and sure this will
be the death of me : (Fits.)

I remember my Grandmother died of Convulsion

Tor. Come, Sir, prepare, prepare.

Sol. I, for another World : I must repent first.

Tor. Quickly then. (Courtier.)

Sol. Then first I repent that Sin of being a
And secondly, the greatest Sin one can commit
in that place, the speaking of Truth.

Tor. Have you no more Sins ?

Sol. Some few trifles more, not worth the re-
membering ; (like :

Drinking, and Whoring, and Swearing, and such
But for those let 'em pass.

Tor. Have you done now ? (by.

Sol. Only some good Counsel to the Standers

Tor. We thank you for that, Sir.

Sol.

Sol. Nay, Gentlemen, mistake me not ;
'Tis not that I love you, but because 'tis a thing
of course
For dying Men.

Tor. Let's have it then.

Sol. First then, if any of you are Fools (as I
think that (still
But a needless question) be Fools still, and labour
In that vocation, then the worst will be but
whipping ;

Where, but for seeming wise, the best is racking.
But if you have the luck to be Court-Fools, those
that have

Either Wit or Honesty, you may fool withal, and
spare not :

But for those that want either,
You'll find it rather dangerous than otherwise ;
I could give you a modern

Instance or two, but let that pass : but if you
happen to be State-Fools, then 'tis

But fooling on the right side, and all's well ; then
you shall at least be

Wise Mens Fellows, if not wise Mens Masters.
But of all things take heed of giving any Man
good counsel, (Fool, must

You see what I have got by it ; and yet like a
I be doing on't again.

Tor. Is this all ?

Sol. All, but a little in my own behalf.

Remember, Gentlemen, (yet
I am at full growth, and my Joints are knit ; and
My Sinews are not Cables.

Tor.

Tor. Well, we'll remember't.

Sol. But stay, Gentlemen, what think you of a Bottle now?

Tor. I hope you are more serious. (row is,

Sol. If you knew but how dry a thing this for-
Especially meeting with my Constitution;
which is,

As thirsty as any Serving-Mans.

Tor. Let him have it, it may be 'twill make
him confess. (within me,

Sol. Yes, I shall, I shall lay before you all that's
And with most fluent utterance. (good

Here's to you all Gentlemen, and let him that's
Natur'd in his his Drink, pledge me. [Drinks.
So, methinks I feel it in my Joyns already,

It makes 'em supple. [Drinks again.]

Now I feel it in my Brains, it makes 'em swim.

Tor. Hold, Sir, you have no measure of your
self.

Sol. What do you talk of measure, you'll take
Measure of me with a vengeance?

Tor. You are witty, Sir.

Sol. Nothing but a poor clinch;
I have a thousand of them (a Trick I learn't a-
mongst the States-men) [Drinks again.]

Well Rack, I defie thee, do thy worst;
I would thou wer't Man, Giant, or Monster.
Gentlemen, now if I happen to fall asleep
Upon this Engine, pray wake me not too sud-
denly;

You see here's good store of Wine, and if it be
Over rack't, 'twill come up with Lees and all;

There

There I was with you again, and now I am for
you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Prince, being Blind. Solus.

Prince. Nature,
How didst thou mock Mankind to make him free
And yet to make him fear ; or when he lost
That Freedom, why did he not lose his Fear ?
That Fear of Fears, the Fear of what we know
While yet we knew it is in vain to fear it : (not,
Death, and what follows Death, 'twas that that
stamp't

A Terror on the Brow of Kings ; that gave
Fortune her Deity, and Jove his Thunder.
Banish but fear of Death, those Giant names
Of Majesty, Power, Empire, finding nothing
To be their Object, will be nothing too :
Then he dares yet be free that dares to die,
May laugh at the grim Face of Law, and scorn
The cruel wrinkle of a Tyrant Brow :
But yet to die so tamely,
O'ercome by Passion and Misfortune,
And still unconquer'd by my Foes, sounds ill ;
Below the temper of my Spirit :
Yet to embrace a Life so poor, so wretched,
So full of Deaths, argues a greater dullness ;
But I am dead already, nor can suffer
More in the other World. For what is Hell,
But a long sleepless Night ? And what's their
Torment,
But to compare past Joys with present Sorrows ?
And what can Death deprive me of ? the sight
Of Day, of Children, Friends, and hope of Em-
pire ;

And

And whatsoever others lose in Death,
In Life I am depriv'd of; then I will live
Only to die reveng'd: nor will I go
Down to the Shades alone.

Prompt me some witty, some revengeful Devil,
His Devil that could make a bloody Feast
Of his own Son, and call the Gods his Guests;
Her's that could kill her aged Sire, and cast
Her Brothers scatter'd Limbs to Wolves and Vul-
tures;

Or his that slew his Father, to enjoy
His Mothers Bed; and greater than all those,
My Father's Devil.

Come Mischief, I embrace thee; fill my Soul:
And thou Revenge ascend, and bear the Scepter
O'er all my Passions; banish thence
All that are cool, and tame.

Know old Tyrant,
My Heart's too big to break, I know thy Fears
Exceed my Sufferings; and my Revenge,
Though but in Hope, is much a greater Pleasure
Than thou canst take in Punishing. Then my
Anger

Sink to the Center of my Heart, and there
Lye close in Ambush, till my seeming Patience
Hath made the cruel Tyrant as secure,
Though with as little cause, as now he's Jealous.
Who's there? [Enter two or three.

I find my Nature would return
To her old course, I feel an inclination
To some Repose; welcom thou pleasing Slumber:
A while embrace me in thy leaden Arms,

And

And charm my careful thoughts:
Conduct me to my Bed.

[Exit.]

Enter King, Haly and Caliph.

King. How do's the Prince? how bears he
his restraint?

Ha. Why, Sir, as all great Spirits (tience
Bear great and sudden changes, with such impa-
As a *Numidian* Lyon, when first caught,
Endures the toyL that holds him.
He would think of nothing
But present Death, and sought all violent means
To compass it. But time hath mitigated
Those furious heats, he now returns to food
And sleep, admits the Conversation,
Of those that are about him.

King. I would I had not
So easily believ'd my fears, I was too sudden;
I would it were undone.

Cal. If you lament it, (thought
That which now looks like Justice, will be
An inconsiderate rashness.

King. But there are in nature
Such strong returns! That I punisht him,
I do not grieve; but that he was my Son.

Ha. But it concerns you to bear up your Passion,
And make it good; for if the People know,
That you have cause to grieve for what is done,
They'll think you had no cause at first to do it.

King to the Ca. Go visit him from me, and
teach him Patience;

Since

Since neither all his Fury, nor my Sorrow
 Can help what's past, tell him my severity
 To him shall in some measure be requited,
 By my indulgence to his Children. And if he
 desire it, (take off

Let them have access to him: endeavour to
 His thoughts from revenge, by telling him of
 Paradise, and I know not what Pleasures
 In the other World.

Cal. I shall, Sir. [Ex. King and Ca. Ma. Haly.
Enter Mirvan.

Ha. Mirvan, The King relents, and now
 there's left

No refuge but the last; he must be Poysoned :
 And suddenly, lest he survive his Father.

Mir. But handsomly, lest it appear.

Ha. Appear !

To whom? you know there's none about him
 But such as I have plac't; and they shall say
 'Twas discontent, or abstinence.

Mir. But at the best

'Twill be suspected.

Ha. Why though 't be known,
 We'll say he Poysoned himself.

Mir. But the curious will pry further
 Than bare report, and the old King's suspicions
 Have piercing Eyes.

Ha. But those nature

Will shortly close: you see his old Disease
 Grow strong upon him.

Mir. But if he should recover?

Ha. But I have cast his Nativity; he cannot,
 he must not. I' th'

I' th' mean time I have so besieg'd him,
So blockt up all the passages, and plac'd
So many Centinels and Guards upon him,
That no Intelligence can be convey'd (require
But by my Instruments. But this business will
More Heads and Hands than ours : Go you to
the Prison,

And bring the Keeper privately to me,
To give him his instructions. [Ex. *several ways.*

Enter Prince and Caliph.

Cal. Sir, I am Commanded by the King
To visit you.

Prince. What, to give a period to my Life,
And to his Fears? You'r welcom; here's a
Throat,

A Heart, or any other part, ready to let
In Death, and receive his Commands. (of Death,

Ca. My Lord, I am no Messenger, nor Minister
'Tis not my Function.

Prince. I should know that Voice.

Cal. I am the *Caliph*, and am come to tell you,
your Father

Is now return'd to himself: Nature ha's got
The Victory o'er Passion, all his rigour
Is turn'd to Grief and Pity.

Prince. Alas good Man!

I pity him, and his infirmities ;
His Doubts, and Fears, and accidents of Age,
Which first provok'd his Cruelty.

Ca. He bid me tell you,
His love to yours should amply recompence
His Cruelty to you : And I dare say 'tis real;

For

The SOPHY.

For all his Thoughts, his Pleasures, and Delights,
 Are fixt on *Fatyma*: when he is sad,
 She comforts him; when Sick, she's his Physician.
 And were it not for the delight he takes
 In her, I think he'd die with Sorrow. (strangely
Prince. But how, are his affections fixt so
 On her alone? sure 'tis not in his Nature;
 For then he had lov'd me, or hated her,
 Because she came from me.

Ca. 'Tis her desert,
 She's fair beyond comparison, and witty
 Above her Age; and bears a Manly Spirit
 Above her Sex.

Prince. But may not I admire her?
 Is that too great a happiness? pray let her make it
 Her next Suit to be permitted to visit me her self.

Ca. She shall, Sir: I joy to see your mind
 So well compos'd; I fear'd I should have found
 A Tempest in your Soul, and came to lay it.
 I'll to the King;
 I know to him that News will be
 Most acceptable.

Prince. Pray do, and tell him
 I have cast of all my Passions, and am now
 A Man again; fit for Society
 And Conversation.

Ca. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Prince. I never knew my self till now; how on
 the sudden
 I'm grown an excellent Dissembler, to out-do
 One at the first, that has practis'd it all his Life:
 So now I am my self again, what is't

I feel

I feel within? Methinks some vast design
Now takes possession of my heart, and swells
My labouring thoughts above the common
bounds

Of humane Actions, something full of horror
My Soul hath now decreed, my Heart does beat,
As if 'twere forging Thunder-bolts for *Jove*,
To strike the Tyrant dead: So now, I have it,
I have it, 'tis a gallant mischief,
Worthy my Father, or my Father's Son,
All his delight's in *Fatyma*, poor Innocent!
But not more innocent than I, and yet
My Father loves thee, and that's crime enough.
By this Act, old Tyrant,
I shall be quit with thee; while I was Virtuous,
I was a Stranger to thy blood, but now
Sure thou wilt love me for this horrid Crime,
It is so like thy own. In this I'm sure,
Although in nothing else, I am thy Son:
But when 'tis done, I leave him yet that remedy
I take my self, Revenge; but I as well
Will rob him of his Anger, as his Joy,
And having sent her to the shades,
I'll follow her.

But to return again, and dwell
In his dire thoughts, for there's the blacker Hell,

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, your Wife the Princess is come to
visit you. (again.

Prince. Conduct her in; now to my disguise

Enter Princess.

Princess. Is this my Lord the Prince?

Prince. That's *Erythaea* ;
 Or some Angel, Voyc't like her. 'Tis she, my
 strugling Soul
 Would fain go out to meet and welcom her.
Erythaea !

No Answer but in sighs (dear *Erythaea* ?)
 Thou cam'st to comfort, to support my sufferings,
 Not to oppress me with a greater weight,
 To see that my unhappiness
 Involves thee to.

(your glories,

Princess. My Lord, in all your triumphs and
 You call'd me into all your Joys, and gave me
 An equal share, and in this depth of misery
 Can I be unconcern'd? you needs must know,
 You needs must hope I cannot; or which is
 worse,

You must suspect my love: for what is love
 But Sympathy? And this I make my happiness,
 Since both cannot be happy,
 That we can both be miserable.

Prince. I prethee do not say thou lov'st me;
 For love, or finds out equals, or makes 'em so:
 But I am so cast down, and fallen so low,
 I cannot rise to thee, and dare not wish
 Thou should'st descend to me; but call it pity,
 And I will own it then, that Kings may give
 To Beggars, and not lessen their own greatness.

Princess. Till now I thought Virtue had stood
 above
 The reach of Fortune; but if Virtue be not,
 Yet Love's a greater Deity: whatever Fortune
 Can give or take, Love wants not, or despises;

Or

Or by his own Omnipotence supplies :
Then like a God with joy beholds
The Beauty of his own Creations.
Thus what we Form and Image to our fancies,
We really possess.

Prince. But can thy imagination
Delude it self, to fix upon an object
So lost in Miseries, so old in Sorrows ;
Paleness and Death hang on my Cheek, and
darkness (was
Dwells in my Eyes ; more chang'd from what I
In Person than in Fortune.

Princess. Yet still the same to me :
Alas my Lord , these outward Beauties are but
the Props and Scaffolds (perfect,
On which we built our love, which now made
Stands without those supports : nor is my flame
So earthy as to need the dull material Fuel
Of Eyes, or Lips, or Cheeks, still to be kindled,
And blown by Appetite, or else t' expire :
My Fires are purer, and like those of Heaven,
Fed only, and contented with themselves,
Need nothing from without. (fortune,

Prince. But the disgrace that waits upon mis-
The meer reproach, the shame of being miserable,
Expose Men to Scorn and base Contempt,
Even from their nearest Friends.

Princess. Love is so far from scorning misery,
That he delights in't, and is so kindly cruel,
Sometimes to wish it, that he may be alone ;
Instead of all, of Fortunes , Honours, Friends,
which are

But meer diversions from Loves proper object,
Which only is it self.

Prince. Thou hast almost
Taught me to love my Miseries, and forgive
All my Misfortunes. I'll at least forget 'em ;
We will revive those times, and in our Memories
Preserve, and still keep fresh (like Flowers in
Water)

Those happier days : when at our Eyes our Souls
Kindled their mutual Fires, their equal Beams
Shot and returned, till linkt, and twin'd in one,
They Chain'd our Hearts together. (begin

Princess. And was it just, that Fortune should
Her Tyranny, where we began our loves ?
No, if it had, why was not I blind too ?
I'm sure if weeping could have don't, I had been.

Prince. Think not that I am blind, but think it
Night,
A season for our Loves, and which to Lovers
Ne'er seems too long; and think of all our miseries,
But as some melancholy Dream which has
awak't us,
To the renewing of our Joys.

Princess. My Lord, this is a temper
Worthy the old Philosophers.

Prince. I but repeat that Lesson
Which I have learnt from thee. All this morality
Thy love hath taught me.

Princess. My Lord , you wrong your Virtue,
T' ascribe the effect of that to any cause
Less noble than it self.

Prince. And you your love,

To

To think it is less noble, or less powerful,
Than any the best Virtue : and I fear thy love
Will wrong it self : so long a stay will make
The jealous King suspect we have been plotting :
How do the pledges of our former love ;
Our Children ?

Princess. Both happy in their Grandsires love,
especially

The pretty *Fatyma* ; yet she
According to her apprehension feels
A sense of your Misfortunes.

Prince. But let her not too much express it,
Lest she provoke his fury.

Princess. She only can allay it
When 'tis provok't ; she
Plays with his rage, and gets above his anger ;
As you have seen a little Boat
To mount and dance upon the Wave , that
threatens
To overwhelm it.

Prince. To threaten is to fave, but his anger
Strikes us like thunder, where the blow out-flies
The loud report, and even prevents Mens fears.

Princess. But then like thunder
It rends a Cedar, or an Oak, or finds ^{(dren}
Some strong resisting matter ; Women and Chil-
Are not Subjects worthy a Prince's anger.

Prince. Whatsoever
Is worthy of their love is worth their anger.

Princess. Love's a more natural motion ; they
are angry
As Princes, but love as Men.

Prince. Once more I beg,
Make not thy love thy danger. (lingness

Princess. My Lord, I see with what unwillingness
You lay upon me this Command, and through
your fears

Discern your love, and therefore must obey
you, [Exit.]

Prince. Farewel my dearest *Erythea*.
There's a strange Musick in her Voice, the story
Of *Orpheus*, which appears so bold a Fiction,
Was Prophecy'd of thee; thy Voice has tam'd
The Tygers and the Lyons of my Soul.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Sir, your Daughter *Fatyma*.

Prince. Conduct her in; how strangely am I
tempted

With opportunity, which like a sudden gust
Hath swell'd my calmer thoughts into a tempest?
Accursed Opportunity!

The Midwife and the Bawd to all our Vices,
That work'st our Thoughts into Desires, Desires
To Resolutions; those being ripe, and quickned,
Thou giv'st 'em birth, and bring'st 'em forth to
action.

Enter Fat. and Messenger! *

Prince. Leave us, O Opportunity!
That when my dire and bloody Resolutions,
Like sick and froward Children
Were rockt asleep by Reason or Religion,
Thou like a violent noise cam'st rushing in,
And mak'st 'em wake and start to new un-
quietnes.

Come

Come hither, pretty *Fatyma*,
Thy Grandsire's Darling, sit upon my Knee :
He loves thee dearly.

Fat. I, Father, for your sake.

Prince. And for his sake I shall requite it.

O Virtue, Virtue,
Where art thou fled ? thou art my Reason's Friend;
But that, like a deposed Prince, has yielded
His Scepter to his base usurping Vassals ;
And like a Traytor to himself, takes pleasure
In serving them.

Fat. But Father,
I desir'd him that you might have liberty, and that
He would give you your Eyes again.

Prince. Pretty Innocence !
'Tis not i' th' Art, nor Power of Man to do it.

Fat. Must you never see again then, Father ?

Prince. No, not without a Miracle.

Fat. Why Father, I can see with one Eye,
Pray take one
Of mine.

Prince. I would her innocent prate could
overcome me :
O what a Conflict do I feel ! how am I
Tost like a ~~Ship~~ 'twixt two encountering Tides !
Love that was banisht hence, would fain return
And force an entrance , but Revenge
(That's now the Porter of my Soul) is deaf,
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of Poyson.
Mighty Revenge ! that single canst o'erthrow
All those joyn't Powers, which Nature, Virtue,
Honour,

Can raise against thee.

Fat. What do you seek for, your Handkerchief? pray use mine; To drink the bloody moisture from your Eyes; I'll shew't my Grandfather, I know 'twill make him weep. Why do you shake Father? Just so my Grandsire trembled at the instant Your sight was ta'ne away.

Prince. And upon the like occasion.

Fat. O Father, what means the Naked Knife?

Prince. 'Tis to requite thy Grandsire's love.

Prince. Prepare

To meet thy Death.

Fat. O, 'tis I, 'tis I,
Your Daughter Faryma!

Prince. I therefore do it.

Fat. Alas, was this the Blessing my Mother sent me to receive? (thing in that

Prince. Thy Mother! Erythæa! There's some That shakes my Resolution.

Poor Erythæa; how wretched shall I make thee, To rob thee of a Husband and a Child? But which is worse, that first I fool'd and won thee To a belief that all was well; and yet Shall I forbear a Crime for love of thee, And not for love of Virtue? But what's Virtue? A mere imaginary fond; a thing Of speculation; which to my dark Soul, Depriv'd of reason, is as indiscernable As Colours to my Body; wanting sight. Then being left to sense, I must be guided

By something that my sense grasps and takes
hold of;

On then my love, and fear not to encounter
That Giant, my revenge (alas poor *Fatyma*)
My Father loves thee, so do's *Erythaea*:

Whether shall I by justly plaguing
Him whom I hate, be more unjustly cruel
To her I love? Or being kind to her,
Be cruel to my self, and leave unsatisfied
My Anger and Revenge? but Love, thou art
The nobler Passion, and to thee I Sacrifice
All my ungentle thoughts. *Fatyma* forgive me,
And seal it with a Kiss: What is't I feel?

The Spirit of Revenge re-inforcing
New Arguments. Fly *Fatyma*, (mischief,
Fly while thou may'st, nor tempt me to new
By giving means to act it; to this ill
My Will leads not my Power, but Power my
Will. [Ex. Fat.

O what a Tempest have I scap't, thanks to
Heaven,

And *Erythaea's* Love!

No: 'twas a poor, a low revenge, unworthy
My Virtues, or my Injuries, and
As now my Fame, so then my infamy,
Would blot out his; And I instead of his Empire,
Shall only be the Heir of all his Curses.

No: I'll be still my self, and carry with me
My Innocence to th' other World, and leave
My Fame to this: 'twill be a brave Revenge
To raise my Mind to a constancy, so high,
That may look down upon his threats, my
Patience Shall

Shall mock his Fury : nor shall he be so happy
 To make me miserable : and my sufferings shall
 Erect a prouder Trophy to my Name,
 Than all my prosperous actions : Every Pilot
 Can steer the Ship in Calms, but he performs
 The skilful part, can manage it in storms. [Ex.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Prince.

Prince. **I**F Happiness be a substantial good,
 Not fram'd of accidents, nor sub-
 ject to 'em,
 I err'd to seek it in a blind revenge,
 Or think it lost in loss of sight, or Empire ;
 'Tis something sure within us, not subjected
 To sense of sight, only to be discern'd
 By Reason, my Soul's Eye, and that still sees
 Clearly, and clearer for the want of these ;
 For gazing through these Windows of the body,
 It met such several, such distracting objects ;
 But now confin'd within it self, it sees (covers
 A strange, and unknown World, and there dis-
 Torrents of Anger, Mountains of Ambition ;
 Gulfs of Desire, and Towers of Hope, huge Giants,
 Monsters, and savage Beasts ; to vanquish these,
 Will be a braver Conquest than the old
 Or the new World.
 O happiness of Blindness ! now no Beauty
 Inflames my Lust, no others good, my Envy,

Or

Or Misery, my Pity: no Man's Wealth
Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn;
Yet still I see enough. Man to himself
Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the level
Of his low creeping Thoughts; if then I have
A World within my self, that World shall be
My Empire; there I'll Reign, commanding
freely,

And willingly obey'd, secure from Fear
Of Foreign Forces, or Domestick Treasons,
And hold a Monarchy more free, more absolute
Than in my Father's Seat; and looking down
With Scorn or Pity, on the slippery State
Of Kings, will tread upon the Neck of Fate. [Ex.

Enter Bashaws disguised, with Haly.

1 *Bash.* Sir, 'tis of near concernment, and im-
ports

No less than the King's Life and Honour.

Ha. May not I know it?

Bash. You may, Sir. But in his Presence we
are sworn

T' impart it first to him.

Ha. Our Persian State descends not
To Interviews with Strangers: but from whence
Comes this Discovery, or you that bring it?

2 *Bash.* We are, Sir, of *Natolia*.

Ha. *Natolia!* Heard you nothing
Of two Villains that lately fled from hence?

1 *Bash.* The *Bashaws*, Sir?

Ha. The same.

2 *Bash.* They are nearer than you think for.

Ha. Where?

1 *Bash.*

1 Bash. In Persia.

Ha. In Arms again to tempt another Slavery?

2 Basb. No, Sir, they made some weak attempts, presuming on

The reputation of their former Greatness :

But having lost their Fame and Fortunes,

'Tis no wonder they lost their Friends; now
hopeless and forlorn (surely,

They are return'd, and somewhere live ob-
To expect a change in Persia; nor wil't be hard
To find 'em.

Ha. Do't, and name your own Rewards.

2 Basb. We dare do nothing 'till we have seen
the King,

And then you shall command us.

Ha. Well, though 'tis not usual,

Ye shall have free access. [Exit Haly.

Enter King and Haly.

I Bash. Sir, there were two Turkish Prisoners lately fled

From hence for a suppos'd Conspiracy
Between the Prince and them.

King. Where are the Villains?

I Basb. This is the Villain, Sir ; *They pull off*
And we the wrongfully accus'd : *their disguises.*

You gave Life, Sir,

And we took it

As a free noble Gift ; but when we heard

'Twas valued at the Price of your Son's Honour,

We came to give it back, as a poor trifle,
P'r'bl'm we'll never find.

Priz'd at a rate too high.

King. Hall.

I can.

I cannot think my Favours plac'd so ill,
To be so ill requited ; yet their Confidence
Has something in't that looks like Innocence.

Ha. Aside. Is't come to that ? then to my last
and furest refuge.

King. Sure if the Guilt were theirs, they could
not charge thee

With such a gallant Boldness : if 'twere thine,
Thou could'st not hear't with such a silent Scorn ;
I am amaz'd.

Ha. Sir, perplex your Thoughts no farther,
They have Truth to make 'em bold ;
And I have Power to scorn it : 'twas I Sir,
That betray'd him, and you, and them.

King. Is this Impudence, or Madness ?

Ha. Neither :

A very sober, and sad Truth—to you, Sir.

King. A Guard there.

Enter Mirvan, and others.

King. Seize him.

Ha. Seize them ; now

Though 'tis too late to learn, yet know
'Gainst you are King again, what 'tis to let your
Subjects

Dispose all Offices of Trust and Power :
The Beast obeys his Keeper, and looks up,
Not to his Masters, but his Feeders Hand ;
And when you gave me Power to dispense
And make your Favours mine, in the same Hour
You made your self my shadow : and 'twas my
Courtesie

To let you Live, and Reign so long...

King.

King. Without there !

Enter two or three, and join with the others.

What none but Traytors ? Has this Villain
Breath'd Treason into all, and with that Breath,
Like a contagious Vapour, blasted Loyalty ?
Sure Hell it self hath sent forth all her Furies,
T' inhabit and possess this place.

Ha. Sir, Passions without Power,
Like Seas against a Rock, but lose their Fury.
Mirvan, take these Villains, and see 'em strangled.

1 Basb. Farewel, Sir, commend us to your
Son, let him know,
That since we cannot die his Servants,
We'll die his Martyrs.

King. Farewel, unhappy Friends,
A long Farewel, and may you find Rewards
Great as your Innocence ; or which is more,
Great as your Wrongs.

2 Basb. Come, thou art troubled,
Thou dost not fear to die ?

1 Basb. No, but to lose my Death,
To sell my Life so cheap, while this proud Villain
That takes it must survive.

2 Basb. We shall not lose our Deaths,
If Heaven can hear the Cries of guiltless Blood,
Which it sure must ; for I have heard th' are loud
ones :

Vengeance shall overtake thee.

Ha. Away with 'em.

King. Stay, *Haly*, they are Innocent ; yet Life
when 'tis thy Gift,
Is worse than Death, I disdain to ask it.

1 Basb.

I Basb. And we to take it.

Ha. Do not ask it, Sir,

For them to whom you owe your Ruin, they
have undone you; (cure,
Had not they told you this, you had liv'd se-
And happy in your Ignorance; but this injury,
Since 'tis not in your Nature to forgive it,
I must not leave it in your Power to punish it.

King. Heaven, though from thee I have de-
serv'd this Plague,

Be thou my Judge and Witness, from this Villain,
'Tis undeserv'd.

Had I but felt your Vengeance from some hand
That first had suffer'd mine, it had been Justice:
But have you sent this sad return of all
My Love, my Trust, my Favours?

Ha. Sir, there's a great resemblance
Between your Favours, and my Injuries;
Those are too great to be requited, these
Too great to be forgiven: and therefore
'Tis but in vain to mention either.

King. Mirza, Mirza,
How art thou lost by my deceiv'd Credulity?
I'll beg thy Pardon.

Ha. Stay, Sir, not without my leave:
Go some of you, and let the People know
The King keeps State, and will not come in Pub-
lick:

If any great Affairs, or State Addresses,
Bring 'em to me.

King. How have I taught the Villain
To act my part? but oh, my Son, my Son,
Shall I not see thee?

Ha.

The SOPHY.

Ha. For once you shall, Sir,
But you must grant me one thing.

King. Traytor, dost thou mock my Miseries?
What can I give but this unhappy Life?

Ha. Alas! Sir, it is but that I ask, and 'tis my
Modesty

To ask it, it being in my Power to take it:
When you shall see him, Sir, to die for Pity,
'Twere such a thing, 'twould so deceive the
World, (natur'd;
And make the People think you were good
'Twill look so well in Story, and become
The Stage so handsomly.

King. I ne'er deny'd thee any thing, and shall
not now

Deny thee this, though I could stand upright
Under the Tyranny of Age and Fortune;
Yet the sad weight of such Ingratitude
Will crush me into Earth.

Ha. Lose not your Tears, but keep
Your Lamentations for your Son, or Sins;
For both deserve 'em: but you must make
haste, Sir,

Or he'll not stay your coming. *He looks upon*
'Tis now about the Hour the Poyson *a Watch*.
Must take effect.

King. Poyson'd? oh Heaven! (of us

Ha. Nay, Sir, lose no time in Wonder, both
Have much to do; if you will see your Son,
Here's one shall bring you to him. [Exit King.
Some unskilful Pilot had shipwrackt here;
But I not only against sure

And

And likely Ills have made my self secure :
But so confirm'd, and fortify'd my State,
To set it safe above the reach of Fate. [Exit Haly.

Enter Prince led, Servant at the other Door,
Princess and Soffy.

Serv. Sir, the Princes and your Son.

Prince. Soffy, thou com'st to wonder at
Thy wretched Father: why dost thou interrupt
Thy Happiness, by looking on an Object
So miserable?

Princess. My Lord, methinks there is not in
your Voice

The Vigour that was wont, nor in your look
The wonted Clearfulness. Are you well my
Lord? [coming

Prince. No: but I shall be. I feel my Health a

Princess. What's your Disease, my Lord?

Prince. Nothing, but I have tane a Cordial,
Sent by the King or Haly, in requital
Of all my Miseries, to make me happy :
The Pillars of this Frame grow weak,
As if the weight of many Years oppres 'em ;
My Sinews slacken, and an Icy stiffness
Benumbs my Blood.

Princess. Alas, I fear he's Poyson'd :
Call all the help that Art, or Herbs, or Minerals
Can minister.

Prince. No, 'tis too late:
And they that gave me this, are too well practis'd
In such an Art, to attempt and not perform.

Princess. Yet try my Lord, revive your
Thoughts, the Empire

Y.

Expects

Expects you, your Father's dying.

Prince. So when the Ship is sinking,
The Winds that wrackt it cease.

Princess. Will you be the scorn of Fortune,
To come near a Crown, and only near it?

Prince. I am not Fortune's Scorn, but she is
mine,
More blind than I.

Princess. O tyranny of Fate! to bring
Death in one hand, and Empire in the other;
Only to shew us happiness, and then
To snatch us from it.

Prince. They snatch me to it;
My Soul is on her Journey, do not now
Divert, or lead her back, to lose her self
I' th' amaze, and winding Labyrinths o' th'
World:

I prethee do not weep, thy Love is that
I part with most unwillingly, or otherwise
I had not staid till rude necessity
Had forc'd me hence.

Soffy, be not a Man too soon,
And when thou art, take heed of too much
Vertue;

It was thy Father's, and his only Crime,
'Twill make the King suspicous; yet e'er time,
By Natures Course has ripened thee to Man
'Twill mellow him to Dust; till then forget
I was thy Father, yet forget it not,
My great Example shall excite thy Thoughts
To noble Actions. And you dear *Erythaea*,
Give not your Passions vent; nor let blind Fury

Pre-

Precipitate your Thoughts, nor set 'em working,
Till time shall lend 'em better Means and Instruments

Than lost Complaints. Where's pretty *Fatyma*?
She must forgive my rash ungentele Passion.

Princess. What do you mean, Sir?

Prince. I am ashamed to tell you,
I prethee call her.

Princess. I will, Sir, I pray try
If Sleep will ease your Torments, and repair
Your wasted Spirits.

Prince. Sleep to those empty Lids
Is grown a Stranger, and the Day and Night
As undistinguist by my Sleep, as Sight.

O happiness of Poverty ! that rests
Securely on a Bed of living Turf, (Thoughts,
While we with waking Cares and restless
Lye tumbling on our Down, courting the blessing
Of a short Minutes Slumber, which the Plough-
man

Shakes from him, as a ransom'd Slave his Fetters :
Call in some Musick, I have heard soft Airs
Can charm our Senses, and expel our Cares.

Is *Erythaea* gone?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Prince. 'Tis well :

I would not have her present at my Death.

Enter *Musick*.

MOrpheus the humble God, that dwells
In Cottages and smoaky Cells,
Hates gilded Roofs and Beds of Down ;
And though he fears no Prince's Frown,
Flies from the circle of a Crown. Y 2 Come.

*Come, I say, thou powerful God,
And thy Leaden charming Rod,
Dipt in the Lethean Lake,
O'er his wakeful Temples shake,
Lest he should Sleep and never wake.*

*Nature (alas) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest Foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of Death it bears a Taste,
And both are the same thing at last.*

Serv. So now he sleeps, let's leave him
To his repose.

Enter King.

King. The Horror of this place presents
The Horror of my Crimes, I fain would ask
What I am loth to hear, but I am well prepar'd :
They that are past all hope of good, are past
All fear of Ill : and yet if he be dead,
Speak softly or uncertainly.

Phy. Sir, he sleeps.

King. O that's too plain, I know thou mean'st
his last,
His long, his endless sleep.

Phy. No, Sir, he lives : but yet
I fear the Sleep you speak of will be his next :
For Nature like a weak and weary Traveller,
Tir'd with a tedious and rugged way,
Not by desire provok't, but ev'n betray'd
By weariness and want of Spirits,
Gives up her self to this unwilling slumber.

King.

King. Thou hast it, *Haly*, 'tis indeed a sad
And sober Truth, though the first
And only Truth thou ever told'st me :
And 'tis a fatal sign, when Kings hear Truth,
Especially when Flatterers dare speak it.

Prince. I thought I heard my Father, does he
think the Poyson
Too slow, and comes to see the Operation ?

[*Prince awakes.*]

Or does he think his Engine dull, or honest ?
Less apt to execute, than he to bid him :
He needs not, 'tis enough, it will succeed
To his expectation.

King. 'Tis indeed thy Father,
Thy wretched Father ; but so far from acting
New Cruelties, that if those already past,
Acknowleg'd and repented of, can yet
Receive a Pardon, by those mutual Bonds
Nature has seal'd between us, which though I
Have cancell'd, thou hast still preserv'd inviolate ;
I beg thy Pardon.

Prince. Death in it self appears
Lovely and sweet, not only to be pardoned,
But wisht for, had it come from any other hand,
But from a Father; a Father,
A name so full of Life, of Love, of Pity :
Death from a Father's Hand, from whom I first
Receiv'd a Being, 'tis a preposterous Gift,
An Act at which inverted Nature starts
And blushes to behold her self so cruel.

King. Take thou that Comfort with thee, and
be not deaf to Truth :

By all that's Holy, by the dying accents
Of thine, and my last Breath, I never meant,
I never wisht it : Sorrow has so over-fraught
This sinking Barque, I shall not live to shew
How I abhor, or how I would repent
My first rash Crime ; but he that now (sic,
Has poyson'd thee, first poyson'd me with Jealousie.
A foolish causless Jealousie.

Prince. Since you believe my Innocence,
I cannot but believe your Sorrow :
But does the Villain live ? A just Revenge
Would more become the sorrows of a King,
Than womanish Complaints.

King. O Mirza, Mirza !
I have no more the Power to do it,
Than thou to see it done : My Empire *Mirza*,
My Empire's lost : thy Vertue was the Rock
On which it firmly stood, that being undermin'd,
It sunk with its own weight ; the Villain whom
 my Breath created,
Now braves it in my Throne.

Prince. O for an hour of Life ; but 'twill not be :
Revenge and Justice we must leave to Heaven.
I would say more, but Death hath taken in the
Outworks,
And now assails the Fort ; I feel, I feel him
Gnawing my Heart-strings : Farewel, and yet I
would— [Dies.]

King. O stay, stay but a while, and take me
with thee ; (wert
Come Death, let me embrace thee, thou that
The worst of all my Fears, art now the best

of

Of all my Hopes. But Fate, why hast thou
added

This Curse to all the rest ? the love of Life ;
We love it, and yet hate it ; Death we loath,
And still desire ; flie to it, and yet fear it.

Enter Princess and Soffy.

Princess. He's gone, he's gone for ever :
O that the Poyson had mistaken his,
And met this hated Life ; but cruel Fate
Envied so great a Happiness : Fate that still
Flies from the Wretched, and pursues the Blest.
Ye Heavens ! But why should I complain to them
That hear me not, or bow to those that hate me ?
Why should your Curses so outweigh your
Blessings ?

They come but single, and long expectation
Takes from their Value : but these fall upon us
Double and sudden. *Sees the King.*

Yet more of Horror, then farewell my Tears,
And my just Anger be no more confin'd
To vain Complaints, or self-devouring silence ;
But break, break forth upon him like a Deluge,
And the great Spirit of my injur'd Lord
Possess me, and inspire me with a Rage
Great as thy Wrongs, and let me call together
All my Souls Powers, to throw a Curse upon him
Black as his Crimes.

King. O spare your Anger, 'tis lost ;
For he whom thou accusest has already
Condemn'd himself, and is as miserable
As thou canst think, or wish him ; spit upon me,
Cast all Reproaches on me, Womans Wit

Or Malice can invent, I'll thank thee for them ;
 What e'er can give me a more lively Sense
 Of my own Crimes, that so I may repent 'em.

Princess. O cruel Tyrant ! couldst thou be so
 barbarous

To a Son as Noble as thy self art Vile ?
 That knew no other Crime but too much Virtue ;
 Nor could deserve so great a Punishment
 For any Fault, but that he was thy Son ?
 Now not content to exceed all other Tyrants,
 Exceed'st thy self : first robbing him of Sight,
 Then seeming by a fain'd and forc'd Repentance,
 To expiate that Crime, didst win him to
 A false security, and now by Poyson
 Hast rob'd him of his Life.

King. Were but my Soul as pure
 From other Guilts as that, Heaven did not hold
 One more immaculate. Yet what I have done,
 He dying did forgive me, and hadst thou been
 present,

(Happy,

Thou wouldst have done the same : for thou art
 Compar'd to me ; I am not only miserable,
 But Wicked too ; thy Miseries may find
 Pity, and Help from others ; but mine make me
 The Scorn, and the Reproach of all the World ;
 Thou, like unhappy Merchants, whose Adven-
 tures

Are dasht on Rocks, or swallowed up in Storms,
 Ow'st all thy losses to the Fates : but I
 Like waftful Prodigals, have cast away
 My Happiness, and with it all Mens Pity :
 Thou feest how Weak and Wretched Guilt can
 make,

Even

Even Kings themselves, when a weak Womans
Anger

Can master mine.

Princess. And your Sorrow
As much o'ercomes my Anger, and turns into
melting Pity. (band;

King. Pity not me, nor yet deplore your Husband;
But seek the safety of your Son, his Innocence
Will be too weak a Guard, when nor my greatness,

Nor yet his Father's Vertues could protect us.

Go on, my Boy, the just Revenge of all *To Soffy.*
Our Wrongs I recommend to thee and Heaven;
I feel my Weakness growing strong upon me:

Ex. Princess and Soffy.

Death thou art he that wilt not flatter Princes.

That stoops not to Authority, nor gives
A specious name to Tyranny; but shews
Our Actions in their own deformed likeness.
Now all those Cruelties which I have acted,
To make me great, or Glorious, or secure
Look like the hated Crimes of other Men.

Enter Physician.

King. O save me, save me! who are those that
stand,

And seem to threaten me?

Pby. There's no body, 'tis nothing
But some fearful Dream.

King. Yes, that's my Brother's Ghost, whose
birth-right stood
'Twixt me and Empire, like a spreading Cedar
That grows to hinder some delightful Prospect,
Him

Him I cut down.

Next my old Father's Ghost, whom I impatient
To have my Hopes delay'd, hastned by Violence
before his fatal Day ;

Then my enraged Son, who seems to becken,
And hale me to him. I come, I come, ye Ghosts,
The greatest of you all ; But sure one Hell's
Too little to contain me, and too narrow
For all my Crimes.

Dies.

Enter Mirvan and Haly at several Doors.

Haly. Go muster all the City-Bands ; pretend it
To prevent sudden Tumults,
But indeed to settle the Succession.

Mir. My Lord, you are too sudden, you'll
take 'em unprepar'd.

Alas! you know their Consciences are tender.
Scandal and Scruple must be first remov'd,
They must be Pray'd and Preach'd into a Tu-
mult :

But for Succession,
Let us agree on that; there's *Calamah*
The eldest Son by the *Arabian* Lady,
A gallant Youth.

Ha. I, too gallant, his proud Spirit will disdain
To owe his greatness to another's Gift :
Such Gifts as Crowns, transcending all requital,
Turn Injuries. (he know
No, *Mirvan*; he must be Dull and Stupid, lest
Wherefore we made him King.

Mir. But he must be good natur'd, tractable,
And one that will be govern'd. (he's beholding to.

Ha. And have so much Wit to know whom
Mir.

Mir. But why, my Lord, should you look further than your self? (consider

Ha. I have had some such Thoughts; but I
The *Persian* State will not endure a King (am,
So meanly born; no, I'll rather be the same I
In place the second, but the first in Power:

Solyman the Son of the *Georgian* Lady
Shall be the Man: what Noise is that?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Prince's late Victorious Army (thing
Is marching towards the Palace, breathing no-
But Fury and Revenge; to them are joyn'd
All whom desire of Change, or Discontent,
Excites to new Attempts, their Leaders

Abdal and *Morat*.

Ha. *Abdal* and *Morat*! *Mirvan*, we are lost,
fallen from the top
Of all our Hopes, and cast away like Sailers,
Who scaping Seas, and Rocks, and Tempests,
perish

I'th' very Port; so are we lost i' th' fight
And reach of all our Wishes. strangely?

Mir. How has our Intelligence fail'd us so

Ha. No, no, I knew they were in Mutiny;
But they could ne'er have hurt us,
Had they not come at this instant period,
This point of time: had he liv'd two Days
longer,

A Pardon to the Captains, and a Largess
Among the Soldiers, had appeas'd their Fury:
Had he dy'd too Days sooner, the Succession

Had

Had as we pleas'd, been settled, and secur'd
By *Soffy's* Death. Gods, that the World should
turn

On Minutes, and on Moments!

Mir. My Lord, lose not your self
In Passion, but take counsel from Necessity
I'll to 'em, and will let them know
The Prince is dead, and that they come too late
To give him Liberty ; for love to him
Has bred their Discontents; I'll tell them boldly,
That they have lost their Hopes.

Ha. And tell them too,
As they have lost their Hopes o' th' one, they
have lost (desire)
Their Fears o' th' other: tell their Leaders we
Their Counsel in the next Succession;
Which if it meet disturbance,
Then we shall crave Assistance from their Power,
Which Fate could not have sent in a more happy
Hour. [Exit Mirvan.]

Enter Lords, Caliph.

Cal. My Lord, (Gate.)
Ye hear the News, the Prince's Army is at the

Ha. I, I hear it, and feel it here; [Aside.]
But the Succession, that's the point
That first requires your Counsel.

Cal. Who should succeed, but *Soffy*?

Ha. What ! in such times as these, when such
an Army

Lies at our Gates, to chuse a Child our King ?

You, my Lord *Caliph*, are better read in Story,

And can discourse the fatal Consequences

When Children Reign.

Cal.

Cal. My Lords, if you'll be guided
By Reason and Example.—

Enter Abdal and Morat.

Ha. My Lords, you come most opportunely,
we were entring
Into Dispute about the next Succession.

Ab. Who dares dispute it? we have a power-
ful Argument
Of Forty Thousand strong, that shall confute him.

Cal. A powerful Argument indeed.

Ab. I, such a one as will puzzle all your Lo-
gick
And Distinctions to answer it;
And since we came too late for the Performance
Of our intended service to the Prince,
The wronged Prince, we cannot more express
Our Loyalty to him, than in the right
Of his most hopeful Son.

Ha. But is he not too Young?

Mor. Sure you think us so too; but he, and we
Are Old enough to look through your Disguise,
And under that to see his Father's Enemies.

A Guard there.

Enter Guard.

Mor. Seize him, and you that could shew rea-
son or example.

Ha. Seize me! for what? *(Mirza,*

Ab. Canst thou remember such a Name as
And ask for what? *(Horrour;*

Ha. That Name I must remember, and with
But few have dy'd for doing,
What they had dy'd for if they had not done:

It

It was the King's Command, and I was only
Th' unhappy Minister.

Ab. I, such a Minister as Wind to Fire,
That adds an accidental fierceness to
Its natural Fury. (thy Malice

Mor. If'twere the King's Command, 'twas first
Commanded that Command, and then obey'd it.

Ha. Nay, if you have resolv'd it, Truth and
Reason

Are weak and idle Arguments;
But let me pity the unhappy Instruments
Of Prince's Wills, whose Anger is our Fate,
And yet their Love's more fatal than their Hate.

Ab. And how well that Love hath been re-
quited,
Mirvan your Confident,
By Torture has confess'd. (shaws.

Mor. The Story of the King, and of the Ba-

Ha. *Mirvan*, poor-spirited Wretch, thou hast
deceiv'd me;

Nay then farewell my Hopes, and next my Fears.

Enter Sofy.

So. What horrid Noise was that of Drums and
Trumpets, that struck my Ear?

What mean these Bonds? could not my Grand-
fires Jealousie

Be satisfied upon his Son, but now (comes next.
Must seize his dearest Favourite? sure my turn

Ab. 'Tis come already, Sir; but to succeed
him, not them:

Long live King Sofy.

Without Drums and Trumpets.

So.

So. But why are these Men Prisoners ?

Ab. Let this inform you.

So. But is my Grandsire dead ?

Ab. As sure as we are alive.

(’em ;

So. Then let ’em still be Prisoners, away with
Invite our Mother from her sad retirement,
And all that suffer for my Father’s Love,
Restraint or Punishment.

Enter Princess.

So. Dear Mother, make
Our Happiness compleat, by breaking through
That Cloud of Sorrow,
And let us not be wanting to our selves,
Now th’ Heavens have done their part,
Lest so severe and obstinate a sadness
Tempt a new Vengeance. (violence)

Princess. Sir, to comply with you I’ll use a
Upon my Nature ; Joy is such a Foreigner,
So meer a Stranger to my Thoughts, I know
Not how to entertain him ; but Sorrow
Ill made by Custom so habitual,
'Tis now part of my Nature.

So. But can no Pleasure, no Delight divert it ?
Greatness, or Power, which Women most affect,
If that can do it, rule me, and rule my Empire.

Princess. Sir, seek not to rob me of my Tears,
Fortune

Her self is not so cruel ; for my Counsels
Then may be unsuccessful, but my Prayers
Shall wait on all your Actions.

Enter Solyman, as from the Rack. Guard.

So. Alas poor Solyman, how is he altered ?

Sol.

Sol. Why, because I would not accuse your Father, when your Grandfather (has saw he could not stretcht my Conscience, thus he stretcht my Carcass.

Mor. I think they have stretcht his Wit too.

Sol. This is your Father's Love that lies thus in my Bones ; *(sia and* I might have lov'd all the Pocky Whores in *Per-*
Have felt it less in my Bones.

So. Thy Faith and Honesty shall be rewarded According to thine own desire.

Sol. Friend, I pray thee tell me whereabout my Knees are,

I would fain kneel to thank his Majesty : Why Sir, for the present my desire is only to have A good Bone-setter, and when your Majesty has done that Office

To the Body Politick, and some skilful (Body Man to this Body of mine (which if it had been a Politick, had never come to this) I shall by that Time think on something for my suffering :

But must none of these great ones be Hang'd for Their Villainies ? *[Aside.]*

Mor. Yes certainly.

Sol. Then I need look no further, some of their Estates

Will serve my turn.

Sol. Bring back those Villains.

Enter Haly and Caliph.

Sol. Now to your Tears, dear Madam, and the Ghost

Of my dead Father, will I consecrate

The

The first Fruits of my Justice: Let such Honours
And Funeral Rites, as to his Birth and Vertues
Are due, be first performed, then all that were
Actors, or Authors of so black a Deed,
Be sacrific'd as Victims to his Ghost:
First thou, my holy Devil, that couldst varnish
So foul an Act with the fair Name of Piety:
Next thou, th' Abuser of thy Prince's Ear.

Cal. Sir, I beg your Mercy. (tion)

Ha. And I a speedy Death, nor shall my Resolu-
Disarm it self, nor condescend to parley
With foolish Hope.

So. 'Twere Cruelty to spare 'em, I am sorry
I must commence my Reign in Blood, but Duty
And Justice to thy Father's Soul exact
This cruel Piety; lets study for a Punishment,
A feeling one,

And borrow from our Sorrow so much time,
T' invent a Torment equal to their Crime.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

THE
EPILOGUE.

TIS done, and we alive again, and now
There is no Tragedy, but in your Brow.
And yet our Author hopes you are pleas'd, if not ;
This having fail'd, he has a secand Plot :
'T is this ; the next Day send us in your Friends,
Then laugh at them, and make your selves amends.
Thus, whether it be good or bad, yet you
May please your selves, and you may please us too :
But look you please the Poet, lest he vow
A full Revenge upon you all, but how ?
'T is not to kill you all twenty a Day,
He'll do't at once a more compendious way ;
He means to write again ; but so much worse,
That seeing that, you'll think it a just Curse,
For censuring this : 'Faith give him your Applause,
As you give Beggars Money ; for no cause,
But that he's troublesome, and he has swore,
As Beggars do, he'll trouble you no more.



THE

